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The Week

THE fall of the Briand government in France seems likely to have no important effect upon international relations one way or the other. As we go to press, it is possible but not certain that Edouard Deladier will become Premier, with a Left government and with Briand back at his old post as Foreign Minister. This is a role he plays better than he does that of Premier, except when he is hampered by the rigidity of a Poincaré as his chief; and any new government will be at least as conciliatory in its foreign policy as that which has just fallen. French fears that Great Britain and the United States were planning some sort of definite entente have been allayed, and there now seems little danger of a movement for *rapprochment* with Germany as an answer, though, fantastic as it seems on this side of the Atlantic, some of the militarists in both countries have been playing with that idea. There is still grave doubt whether France will agree to the proposals for naval limitation, and for reduction in some categories, which will be made at London in January; but at least, the chances of success are as good as they have been at any time in the past eight years.

THE chief difficulties with which the naval conference will be confronted are four in number. Japan wants a cruiser strength which is seven-tenths of that of the United States and Great Britain, instead of six-tenths. France objects to the abolition of the submarine, desired by Great Britain and, much less heartily, by the United States. Italy demands parity with France, which the French feel is illogical because they have both the Mediterranean and the Atlantic to consider, whereas Mussolini need worry about the Mediterranean only. Finally, there is the way in which Great Britain and the United States are to dispose of their cruiser tonnage under the agreement as to parity—how many ten-thousand ton ships each power is to have. As to one of these problems, that between France and Italy, an ingenious suggestion comes from Paris. It is that France might agree never to move into the Mediterranean a fleet larger than that of Italy, thus giving effectual parity in that region. It is proposed that Great Britain might be the underwriter of this agreement, making it in effect "a Mediterranean Locarno," for which a precedent would be found in the British guarantee of peace between Germany and France contained in the original Locarno treaty. Great Britain, it is pointed out, would gain directly from such a scheme, since it is her policy never to permit in the Mediterranean any assemblage of fleets which could endanger her own control of Imperial communications through the Suez canal. It is an interesting suggestion, and one to which no objection could be made, certainly, by the United States. It would, however, be a bitter pill for Mussolini to swallow, since it would relegate Italy once and for all to a position of inferiority to France.

AS THE British Labor Cabinet faces its first Parliament, it must tackle a far more difficult problem than it has already solved in winning prestige through progress in foreign affairs. It must do something about unemployment, about coal and other distressed industries which depend on foreign trade. These evils cannot be remedied promptly, even by the most suitable measures which could be devised. There is the further danger that the government will be embarrassed in seeking their solution by the preconceptions of some of its most pow-

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erful groups of supporters. One suggested cure for unemployment is a large volume of public construction. This may furnish temporary relief, but after all the chief need of the basic British industries is lower costs, which cannot be achieved by higher taxes. The coal miners want an immediate return to shorter hours of work—which is not a measure assuring lower costs. Many of the measures of public welfare to which the government is pledged, such as educational reform and a better pension system, do not promise any prompt increase of national productivity, while they are certain to impose additional burdens on the budget. The only way out of this dilemma would seem to be a firm and daring program for the reorganization of such industries as coal and cotton along more rational lines, which would reduce excess and marginal production and enable them to compete more successfully in world markets. Basic reforms are necessary, which British industry probably would not adopt if left to its own devices.

THE threatened civil war in China has begun and fighting is in progress. The generals allied against the Nanking government have started an offensive to capture Hankow, the industrial center on the Yangtsze River. Next to Shanghai, Hankow is the most coveted prize in the country, not only because of its strategic situation as a port and railhead, but because of its wealth. Command of Hankow gives access to the revenues which can be derived both from the legitimate taxation of the modern banks and factories and from the illegitimate pressure which can be applied for the same purpose. Business in China gives its allegiance, willy-nilly, to the general on the spot. China has become modern enough for its wars to be decided by the possession of the largest coffers, and in this connection it is significant that the bankers of Shanghai, willingly or unwillingly, have advanced a loan of $7,000,000 to the Nanking government, a greater asset to this government than its presumable superiority in men and munitions, or in other sinews of war.

AS TO THE battle in progress, nothing is clear. In Chinese civil wars nothing is ever clear except the beginning and the end. Events in the interim take place behind a cloud. There is fighting, and there is intrigue to win over opposing generals without fighting. Both appear to be taking place now, with both sides claiming successes in their official reports and enforcing censorship in their respective areas. In that respect, also, China is modern. It is certain, however, that there has been no decisive result to the fighting so far, and it is probable that unless the rebel generals can win a definite victory fairly soon, their coalition will collapse, for Nanking has not only the prestige of the established government, but the support of the commercial classes in Shanghai, which desire peace and the *status quo*.

COUNT AND COUNTESS Michael Karolyi are at last to be permitted again to enter the United States. Secretary Stimson announces that the ban against them, imposed by Secretary Kellogg four years ago, has been lifted. Mr. Stimson, naturally, cannot officially admit that "Nervous Nellie" was guilty of a ridiculous error of judgment; so he says that the present action is based upon one set of facts, and that the previous refusal to let the Karolyis in was based upon another. He omits to add that the facts which he now uses certainly existed in 1925, and that it was the business of his predecessor to find them out. Thus ends one of the most needlessly humiliating episodes in our recent history, an episode due in about equal parts to the pressure brought to bear by Count Szechenyi, husband of Gladys Vanderbilt, by Mr. Kellogg's absurd timidity, and by Mr. Coolidge's unequalled apathy about any violation of civil rights.

LOOKING back upon the Gastonia trial, one of its most surprising aspects is the reception, by press and public throughout the country, of Judge Barnhill's attitude. There is no doubt that he tried to be fair, though it is hard to understand why, in the closing days of the trial, he permitted the issue of atheism to be brought in after all, with a result which was undoubtedly prejudicial to the opinion of the defendants held by the jurors. However, as soon as it became apparent, in the early days of the trial, that he was doing his best to be impartial, a wave of *surprise* swept over the whole nation. To paraphrase once again the much-battered definition attributed to Charles A. Dana: when a judge tries to do his duty to a group of workers brought before him, that's news.

WHEN an alien is deported from the United States, should the government compel him to go to a country where he is likely to be executed for reasons which have nothing to do with his deportation? That is the interesting problem raised by the case of Mario Giletti, which is now under consideraion in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. Giletti is an Italian and an anti-Fascist. He came to America, got into a fight with a Fascist named Di Giacomo, was arrested, tried and imprisoned for a year and a half. The law says that any alien who commits a crime involving moral turpitude, within five years of entering this country, shall be deported; Giletti was held to be guilty of moral turpitude, and the government started proceedings to have him deported. As a conspicuous anti-Fascist, however, he seems reasonably certain to be killed if he is sent back to Italy, and under the law, he is supposed to be returned to the country of which he is a citizen, or from which he came. In other cases of a similar character the Department of Labor has permitted aliens who were subject to deportation to depart voluntarily, and when they did so, has allowed them to go to some other country; in the past year, 1,900 aliens, or about one-fifth

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of the total number deported, were given this privilege. But for some reason Giletti, to whom it is a matter of life and death, has been denied by the Secretary of Labor the permission he needs. The decision by the Court of Appeals may establish an important precedent in regard to aliens in Giletti's plight, of whom, unhappily, we seem likely to have an increasing number.

THE MOVIES, God knows, seemed to have troubles enough, between trying to delight the millions of their customers and appease the several thousands of their censors, who are appointed to decide what the customers should delight in. But certain organizations of women have now generously made the task harder by appointing a representative, who is to have an office in Hollywood and whose job is "to interpret to the makers of motion pictures the feelings and wishes of womanhood in regard to that medium's development to its highest usefulness"! This worthy and conscientious lady, whose name is Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, was chosen after much winnowing. A "conference of two hundred religious and civic leaders from twenty-one states" appointed a Committee of Nine, representing such organizations as the Daughters of the American Revolution, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and others, to decide what should be done to elevate the movies. This committee in turn appointed Mrs. Winter, who is to work under Mr. Will Hays' wing and is to be officially introduced to "all producers and other persons actually working on productions" in Hollywood. Now it may be that the producers will be too busy to pay much attenion to Mrs. Winter, and that would probably be the best thing for all concerned, including the public. For this method of improving the movies is essentially misguided. While the producers' notions as to what constitutes a good picture occasionally result in something interesting, the official opinion of an organization to interpret Womanhood could only result in tying a bib and tucker on any unexpected idea that might sprout in Hollywood. The movies are at present a compromise between a powerful industry and a feeble art; but the germ of an art is there. And this germ cannot be officially guided by organized champions of such conceptions as Womanhood. If it is to grow at all, it will be only through the slow, ...dering attempts of the men in whose hands it ...al. ...better for us to have silly, and even cor... ...h the possibility of a popular art, ...t have been sterilized by self-ap... ...n the outside.

...ith a taste for the irony of events ...plenty of palatable food in the Wall ... disaster. He may reflect, for instance, on ...e many disparaging remarks now made about the excesses of speculators, who first greatly over-valued stocks and then under-valued them, and he may compare this record with the classical economic theory regarding the function of speculation, which assumes that it tends to stabilize prices and relieves ordinary trade of the risk due to the uncertainty of the future, since, according to this theory, speculators are wiser about future values than ordinary business men. He may also think about the threat which the break is supposed to carry for the prestige of the Hoover administration. Hoover was carried into office on the wave of "Coolidge prosperity"—of which a booming stock market was a dramatic symptom. But if the market had not boomed so violently, it never would have fallen with such a thud. And for the boom, incautious optimistic statements by Coolidge and Mellon, if not by Hoover himself, were in some measure responsible. Coolidge prosperity, as an anticle in The New Republic predicted at the time of Mr. Hoover's inauguration, has turned out to be the greatest danger confronting him.

SENATOR Reed of Pennsylvania says that Congress will not pass any tariff bill, since the stalwart Republicans will never pass any such measure as the Progressive-Democratic coalition has forced through the Senate. Senator Smoot, the old high priest of protection, says that at any rate the bill cannot be passed before the special session ends at the beginning of December. These announcements are welcome to those who, like The New Republic, see no need for tariff revision upward, and great possible damage in it. They were not made, however, with any purpose of reassuring us. They were made for the purpose of scaring enough Senators of the opposition so that they will vote for a bill which is more nearly of the kind wanted by Messrs. Reed and Smoot. These gentlemen shrewdly assume that numerous Democrats and Progressives really want increased duties for the benefit of some of their own constituents. The announcements serve as a threat that their increases will be lost along with all others in the bill unless the recalcitrants consent to be good and come into camp. It is just another demonstration that every tariff bill is the result of log-rolling, and that any legislator is incautious to ask for increases in one duty unless he is prepared to bargain for increases in others. Representatives of the farmers put themselves in a weak position when they first started to play the game of protection.

DIRECT negotiations between the United States and Germany concerning the payment of Germany's debt to us for the expenses of our army of occupation are causing concern in Europe. It is rumored that we are insisting that the payments agreed to by the Young conferees be transferred directly to this government instead of through the Bank for International Settlements. Yet this bank is generally supposed to be an American invention, and to be sponsored, indirectly of course, by the government of the United States. It is true that the government would not permit the New York

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Federal Reserve Bank, like the central banks of other nations, to appoint a director to the board of the International Bank. Yet it has been given a veto power over that institution's activities, and it is assumed that the president of the bank will be an American. The probable truth is that the administration looks more askance at the bank than do the influential financial powers in this country. President Hoover does not want to give official recognition to the bank in the smallest detail, because he does not want to compromise his fixed position that the Allied debt settlements must stand, no matter what may be the future of German reparations payments.

THE FEARS of those who opposed the Boulder Dam project on the ground that contracts for power and water could not be obtained have been proved exaggerated indeed. The act authorizing construction of the dam specified that it could not be built until contracts were in hand sufficient to pay for the cost of construction of the dam and power plant. Contracts for 65 percent of the available electric energy, at the rate of 1.63 mills per kilowatt hour, will provide an annual revenue sufficient to meet this cost. Applications for power exceeded the amount to be sold. The allotment made by the Secretary of the Interior is probably the best compromise among the applicants which could be arranged. Half the power is to go to the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California for pumping water. Another quarter of it is to go to the city of Los Angeles, and the remainder to the Southern California Edison and associate companies. Power is to be sold to other applicants by the principal lessees at cost, and the federal government retains a right to regulate the prices at which the power is sold to ultimate consumers. Next to a federal water-power authority to operate the plant, this is the best possible safeguard of the consumers' rights. But Congress failed to specify a wter-power authority and gave the Secretary power to lease the generating facilities. We are glad that so much of the project is to be under public auspices of some sort.

Wall Street and Prosperity

THE CRASH in stock prices concerned a great many people directly because of their holdings, past or present, but not so many as has been popularly supposed. Bootblacks, barbers and elevator boys have undoubtedly been dabbling in speculation, but by no means all of them; and tens of millions of cotton textile workers, farmers, school teachers—the rank and file of the country—have never been able to afford this fascinating game. Most of us are, however, indirectly concerned because of the possible portent which the market may exhibit of future conditions in industry and trade.

It used to be thought that the course of stock prices was a pretty accurate barometer of business prosperity, anticipating general business conditions by about six months. Experience, it was supposed, had indicated this to be the case. Some have accepted this rule-of-thumb as an unexplained superstition, but if we are to judge whether we may now expect a business depression of the same order as the Wall Street panic, we must inquire what well founded reasons there were for the correspondence, and whether they still exist.

One explanation rested upon the collective judgment of stockholders and speculators concerning the business future. Many of them knew, it was believed, what were the prospects of the companies in whose shares they were dealing. When a man bought stock, it was because he expected business profits to increase. When more wanted to buy than wanted to sell, that drove stock prices up; when more wanted to sell than wanted to buy, that drove stock prices down. The course of stock prices was, therefore, a sort of election return, promptly registering the opinion of a majority of investors and speculators concerning future profits. And the opinion of that majority was supposed to be more sound than the opinion of any individual.

Clearly, this explanation does not fit the recent facts of the market. For many months—even perhaps for several years—speculators have been buying stock without regard to the prospect of business profits. The prices at which most stocks sold were already so high that any conceivable profits within six months or so would not justify a person in holding them for the sake of current dividends. An investor who bought shares to hold for any considerable length of time did so because of the growth in profits which he expected over a period of years. And most persons who bought shares did not plan to keep them, but to resell at a higher price. The gain was to come, not out of dividends, but out of the price inflation of a boom market. The market's election return had very little to do with any expectation of business profits within a short period; any competent observer could register a better judgment concerning the short-term business future, by paying careful attention to the now voluminous statistics concerning production, trade and earnings—matters pretty much ignored by Wall Street's customers.

Another explanation of the old parallelism had to do with credit. If credit was abundant, and interest rates were low, both business and Wall Street benefitted. Business activity increased, and so did speculation. *Per contra,* when credit was restricted and interest rates rose, both business and speculation suffered. Since the effect of credit conditions on business activity was somewhat delayed, whereas it was felt promptly in Wall Street, the behavior of stock prices would anticipate that of business. Whatever truth there was in this theory has only a limited application to the present situation. Credit began to be restricted and interest rates to rise long before the stock market crash. With an inflated and booming market, speculators

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did not care how much they had to pay for loans wherewith they carried their stocks; they expected to resell soon enough and at sufficiently higher prices so that they could afford to pay the interest. The high rates prevailing for security loans did somewhat affect the interest charged on money lent for other purposes, but to nothing like the same extent. Except in building construction, which relies heavily on credit and probably was somewhat retarded by tight money, production went forward at an unprecedented pace in most of our major industries, all through the period of credit stringency. Most great industries either did not need bank loans, because of the abundance of working capital which they had secreted out of their large profits, or sold stock in sufficient quantities to allow them to proceed. In deed, much of the money lent "on call" at the high rate prevailing in Wall Street came from the surplus funds of large business corporations themselves. And when the final crash came, interest rates had fallen considerably.

A somewhat allied theory accounted for the relationship between stock prices and business by the explanation of the business cycle which attributes it to a general inflation and deflation. When credit inflation seizes business, prices of commodities begin to rise. This stimulates production in advance of demand. For a while the wheels hum—as they did in 1919 and 1920. But production goes ahead faster than the products can be sold and used by the public. Inventories are built up which become unsaleable when prices begin to fall, profits to vanish, production to decrease and unemployment to reduce the purchasing power of the consumers. Stock prices, being more sensitive than commodity prices, but being affected by much the same influences, anticipate the inflation and deflation of business. But business has not exhibited any such phenomena in the period of the recent Wall Street boom. Prices of commodities have not risen. So far as we know, unsaleable inventories have not been built up. The policy of "hand-to-mouth" purchasing has been fairly well established. There is no particular reason to expect a precipitous drop in commodity prices, analogous to that which has depressed the prices of shares.

In view of these considerations it is difficult to see how the Wall Street crash can seriously affect general prosperity, or even foretell its fate, any more than did the collapse of the Florida boom. It may depress those lines of business whose customers consisted chiefly of successful bull speculators—but these are strictly limited in area and importance. It might conceivably shake that "confidence" of business men which is supposed to play such a large part in their activity, but it would be astonishing if many business men in their senses had placed more reliance upon the mystic influence of a runaway stock market than they do upon a stream of orders coming from their sales departments. On the other hand, the collapse of the stock boom will release money and credit for productive purposes. It might conceivably aid real estate and building construction.

Whether such prosperity as we have been enjoying will proceed without interruption may be uncertain, but it depends upon quite a different set of considerations. It depends upon whether the demand for building will continue in its recent volume, or will fall away to much lower levels. It depends upon whether the automobile manufacturers will be able to find a market in the future for as many cars as they have been making—either at home or abroad. It depends upon whether we can go on financing a growing volume of exports by means of foreign loans; whether international trade as a whole may be expected to grow, or to be discouraged by higher tariffs. It depends upon whether we can adjust our resources of capital and labor to the needs of the population with as little waste as possible. It depends upon whether, as we increase our productivity of goods intended for widespread consumption, we similarly increase the real wages and purchasing power of those who are expected to consume them. It depends more upon a hundred other factors than it does upon the disappointed calculations of those who fatuously expected stock prices to go on rising to the zenith, without any relationship to the earning capacity of the properties whose ownership shares of stock are supposed to represent.

Journalists and Peace

NEXT January, the United States will again participate in an international conference of the first importance. The London meeting to discuss naval disarmament will be unique in the degree of attention which will be given to its reporting in the daily press. Despite the insistence of the journalists to the contrary, there is a widespread suspicion that if it were not for the activities of William B. Shearer and of a few of the more chauvinistic newspaper correspondents, the Geneva Conference of 1927 might have been a success. On the whole, we feel that the influence of Mr. Shearer and his allies has been exaggerated; but the question has been debated sufficiently to make sure that the reporters' activities will be scrutinized this time as never in the past.

The relationship of the press to the creation of international disharmony is an old and, on the whole, a melancholy story. In some countries, and particularly those of eastern Europe, it is taken for granted that any important journal is the subsidized tool, either of the government or of the opposition. When such a country participates in an international conference, the accounts in its own newspapers of what takes place from day to day are interesting, not as indicating what has actually occurred, but as a clue to what the government wishes its peoples to think has occurred. In the western democratic countries, such as Great Britain and the United States,

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this direct control rarely exists, though the patriotic loyalty of the newspaper publisher and his editors and correspondents often produces approximately the same result—especially in war time.

The function of the journalist becomes increasingly important, as international decisions are less and less made by all-powerful kings and prime ministers, and have come more and more to represent the general mood of a whole people at one particular time. This is not to say that secret diplomacy has been abolished, or even that it ought to be. When statesmen assemble, each of them usually keeps an anxious eye on his own public, and one reason so little is generally done in the plenary sessions is that the conferee talks with his mind much more firmly fixed on reëlection than upon the realities of the conflict he is seeking to ameliorate. Perhaps the ideal method is neither secret nor open diplomacy, but a mixture of the two, the diplomats conducting their negotiations in private, with the freedom which is only thus possible, and announcing the results at short enough intervals so that they may make sure they are not going farther than the public opinion of their respective countries is prepared to follow. The function of the journalist under these conditions is to present the problems and the proposed solutions in such a way that the public-spirited citizen may have adequate data on which to endorse or repudiate the actions proposed by the diplomats.

It is not surprising that in the actual work of reporting, there is a wide gap between this ideal and the performance. There has been a notable improvement recently in the caliber of the men assigned by the leading American journals to work in the foreign field; but in many instances, as everyone knows who has attended such a conference, there is still room for better men. An important fault of many of these men is plain ignorance of the problems about which they write, and particularly the historical aspect. They are usually inferior to their English or continental confreres in their knowledge of languages, and are likely to be at the mercy of translators of varying competence. Some of them suffer from an incurable desire to see every situation in terms of a dog fight, so that they are continually looking for quarrels between delegations. Not infrequently, by reporting such quarrels when they do not exist, the newspaperman helps to bring them into being.

Another difficulty, and one far harder to eradicate, is an aggressively nationalistic viewpoint on the part of the correspondents, of the sort which caused much trouble at Geneva in 1927. It would be utopian, and perhaps even undesirable, to ask reporters to become men without a country, no more concerned for the welfare of their own land than of any other; but many foreign correspondents could go a long way in this direction and still be vastly better for it. Time and again, the spectacle has been seen of a jingoistic newspaperman who disagrees with his own country's official delegation and seeks to persuade it to his own variety of Chauvinism. Ordinarily, it would seem that a good rule-of-thumb would be for the reporters to assume that the diplomats from their government are at least as patriotic as themselves, and perhaps better informed. Such an attitude would not mean a mere spineless acceptance of the official *communiqués*, or prevent aggressive feats in finding out which way the conference is moving, and why. A good example of an important "story" which remained buried because of lack of initiative on the part of the reporters is to be found in this same famous episode of Shearer's presence at Geneva two years ago. It must have been obvious to all the reporters, as several of them have admitted it was, that Shearer was present in order to pull somebody's chestnuts out of the fire. There was every reason to find out who was behind him, or if this could not be done at Geneva, to have him investigated in the United States so as to know how seriously he deserved to be taken. Yet so far as we can learn, nothing of the sort was done. The one correspondent who obtained his record, in part, from the British government, did not make it the starting point of a further investigation which might easily have forced Shearer to withdraw from the scene of the conference.

To be sure, it is unfair to center the blame for the present unsatisfactory conditions upon the foreign correspondents. Many of them would like to be more conscientious, impartial and intelligent than their editors at home permit them to be. The latter want exciting despatches which will help to sell the paper, and they know how to get them. And newspaper editors, in turn, when taxed with their sins in the reporting of international news, usually admit their deficiencies, but lay the blame on the public, and with some reason. They argue that the average American won't read an intelligent and thoughtful discussion, even if it is available, when he can get instead highly-colored accounts of impending conflicts which usually fail to take place. Foreign news, according to the formula, must be brief, exciting and superficial.

There is no need, however, to be unduly pessimistic on this score, since the situation is one which has been vastly improved in recent years, and is still getting beter. The War lessened our parochialism, and the increasing interest in world affairs since 1918 has put into the average American newspaper a quantity and quality of foreign news which would have seemed too good to be true in 1913. This fact suggests the best hope for the future. If newspaper subscribers can be persuaded to read intelligent and careful accounts of what is going on; if they will resist the temptation to see international conferences always in terms of the prize ring; and above all, if the aggressive nationalism of readers, editors and reporters alike can be held within decent limits, the press may become an aid to international understanding instead of being, as it so often is today, a menace.

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The Open Door in the Philippines

SECRETARY STIMSON has again interceded with the Senate in regard to the Philippines. This time his intercession has been directed against the Vandenberg resolution to extend the American coastwise shipping laws to the Philippine Islands. Legislation already authorizes the President thus to exclude foreign shipping from American-Philippine trade. But no President has exercised his power in this respect, simply because of the damage it would do to Philippine commerce and international relations. Regardless of these considerations, the beet-sugar cohorts, having failed in their efforts to impose a tariff upon Philippine sugar, hope to secure their ends by an increase in shipping costs, which the exclusion of foreign vessels from the Philippine trade would involve. Secretary Stimson attacks such a proposal, not only on the ground that it would retard commerce, but also on the ground that it would be interpreted as a repudiation of our policy of the open door.

While we sympathize with Mr. Stimson's position in regard to this shipping proposal, the difficulty is that it does not go far enough. Several months ago he pleaded with the Senate to continue the present free-trade regime with the Philippines. But as The New Republic has already pointed out, this free-trade regime, which discriminates against the trade of every country except the United States, is in itself a flagrant violation of the open door. How can Mr. Stimson logically criticize the proposal to extend our coastwise shipping laws to the Philippines at the same time that he defends the maintenance of the present tariff regime? An American citizen has exactly the same right to trade in the mandate of Palestine or the mandate of Tanganyika as a British citizen, despite the fact that the administration of both these areas is in the hands of the British government. A British citizen, however, must pay a high duty in trading with the Philippines, although an American citizen's goods may enter free. As long as the United States follows the policy of the closed door in the Philippines, these islands will not be able to trade freely with China and Japan. Denied an equal access to Philippine markets, Japanese and Chinese business men will resent the political control maintained by the United States. If all the colonial powers throughout the world should adopt the tariff policy which this country now follows in the Philippines—if, for example, British traders could enter British colonies free, while all other traders had to pay heavy duties—colonies would once again become an important cause of war. It is mere hypocrisy for the United States to talk of advancing peace when we follow economic policies that deliberately create international ill-will.

There is an even stronger reason why The New Republic is opposed to the American tariff in the Philippines—and that is because it works injury upon the Filipinos. There is something artificial in the fact that a country 7,000 miles removed from the Philippines now dominates their trade. The tariff policy of the United States in diverting trade from its natural channels has tended to obstruct economic development in the islands; and what is of more importance, it has tended to make the Philippines an economic dependency of the United States. The longer this policy persists, the greater the dependency becomes, and the more difficult it will be for the Philippines, once they gain their independence, to organize their economic life so that they can maintain their political autonomy. Mr. Stimson cannot be in favor of the open door and yet be in favor of the existing tariff. Is his defense of this regime due to a belief that he is really defending the interests of the Philippine people, or is it due to a conviction, perhaps unconscious, that these islands should always remain a part of the United States?

Of course, it would be harmful and unjust for the United States to impose a tariff upon Philippine imports and yet insist upon the free admission of American products into the Philippines. The solution lies in granting the Philippine government tariff autonomy—the right to a tariff policy which will increase Philippine trade in the best markets, and not in the markets of the United States alone. It is only through the exercise of this power that the Philippines will be able to build up an economic system which will make political independence possible. If Mr. Stimson believes in the open door, if he is really concerned with the welfare of the Philippine people, if he is interested in removing the economic causes of war, let him go before the Senate and advocate a policy of tariff autonomy. We hope that there are some Senators and Representatives still left in Washington who remember the solemn pledges made by the United States to the Philippine people in the Jones Act and elsewhere. The first step in the fulfillment of our pledge is to assist them in laying an economic foundation for it.

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North Carolina Justice

NOBODY is to be indicted for the murder of Ella May Wiggins, the "poet laureate of the union," who was shot down on the highway between Gastonia and South Gastonia, N. C., on September 14. I hardly imagine there is anybody who expected that the Grand Jury of Gaston County would return a true bill for the wanton assassination of this unfortunate woman. Certainly I did not expect any such result as I sat in the little court room last month and listened to the coroner's inquest into the affair. County Solicitor Carpenter himself made it clear enough what the ultimate result would be. His examination of the men charged with pursuing the truckload of Union organizers, forcing it off the road and then shooting into the crowded truck, was distinguished by such sharp and remorseless questions as "You didn't have a gun with you, did you?" or "Weren't lookin' for any trouble, were you?" One of the International Labor Defense lawyers, who tried to interject a little real cross-examination of the men, was told to "keep out of this." The manager of the Manville-Jenckes Company went bail for all. Everybody was happy. The unionites, however, postponed the funeral of Ella May for fear of another shooting. Murder is sometimes a crime in North Carolina. A "speakin' " by union organizers always is.

This strange lack of proportion pervades the whole attitude of North Carolina toward this labor disturbance. At Marion, where a sheriff and his deputies ruthlessly shot down more than a score of strikers, who do not appear to have been armed, Judge Harding sat as a court of inquiry, and eventually held some of the deputies for the Grand Jury. But, although he addressed a few conventional rebukes to violence as a glittering generality, he was positively catonic in his denunciation of the horrid crime of standing at a mill gate at six in the morning and urging honest toilers to refuse to go to their toil. Sheriff Atkins and his brave deputies had covered the streets with writhing figures. Six strikers have died. The evidence of provocation was so nebulous that the whole episode must stand as little short of deliberate assassination. Yet it was the "right of men to work" which most concerned Judge Harding after he had listened to the brutal story.

Or go back to the investigation into the flogging of Ben Wells, C. D. Saylor and C. M. Lell. Witness after witness took the stand and told Judge Shaw that he had heard "they was goin' to be a speakin' " and that Officer Sams had deputized him to go down to the mill where the speakin' was to take place and "see that there weren't no trouble." When Officer Sams, the deputizer, took the stand, did Solicitor Carpenter ask him how long since it had become a crime in North Carolina to attend a "speakin'," or whether he didn't think that union organizers had rights which he, as an officer, was sworn to protect, or where he had learned that there was to be a meeting? He did not. Such questions would be regarded as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial in North Carolina. Solicitor Carpenter contented himself with making the alleged floggers look as respectable as possible, while he impeached his own witnesses with such remarks as: "Oh, yes, Mr. Lell. I remember representing you in a little matter, don't I? Some trifling misdemeanor, wasn't it?" And so on. Judge Shaw did his best to find out something of the facts by examining the witnesses himself, but even his fairness was unable to make him see the absurdity of disqualifying Wells as a witness because of his disbelief in an avenging Deity. In North Carolina, by judicial fiat, the mob may beat and torture an atheist to its sadistic satisfaction and be immune so far as their victim's testimony against them is concerned. The floggers have now been acquitted altogether, the jury being persuaded that the Communists walloped each other to create sympathy!

Of course, no such solicitude is extended to crime in North Carolina when the criminals are radicals, Communists (the second syllable is accented in Tarheelia) and union organizers. The death of Chief Aderholt has been avenged by long prison sentences for seven men, in spite of the fact that any ordinary group of men in similar circumstances would have had small difficulty in convincing a jury that they had shot their assailants in self-defense. As Gerald W. Johnson summed it up in The Baltimore Evening Sun, "They are striking cotton-mill hands. They are outside the law." He continues: "If they arm themselves and resist, as they did at Gastonia, they get seventeen years in the penitentiary. If they do not arm, and resist, as they did at Marion, they are shot down by the police. If they go unarmed and make no effort to resist they may still be killed on the public highway. That is how Mrs. Wiggins died."

Her death is a matter of public indifference, but Chief Aderholt is avenged and, although the judge on the bench has been widely and, I think, deservedly commended for intended fairness, it is nevertheless the fact that his longest sentences were meted out to Fred Beal and Clarence Miller, whose connection with the shooting was only vaguely established, but whose connection with Communism seemed very clearly proven. Whatever may have been Judge Barnhill's idea in giving them longer sentences than he gave to the other men, less important in the unionizing movement but more closely

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identified with the events surrounding the shooting of the chief, his distinction is the very one which all Gastonia has insisted upon from the First. Convict beal anyway, has been their slogan. Hence all the circuitous evidence concerning Beal's precise official status at the strikers' camp. Judge Barnhill may have fallen in with the conspiracy theory, in spite of the palpable evidence that the strikers were a little quick on the trigger because they had just before the fatal night been attacked and beaten by a crowd of drunken rioters. Policemen and rioters are often indistinguishable in mill towns. Perhaps Judge Barnhill really believes the conspiracy theory, but it would have been more convincing if the judge had been at least as "fair" as the jury was in finding them all guilty of the same kind of murder, even though some of them came from the North, and others were radical leaders of some note, and still others had no theology acceptable to the Fundamentalists of the South. And it would have been more comforting if Judge Barnhill could have seen, as Judge Stack did in the flogging case at Concord, that to impeach a witness on account of his lack of religious conviction is an effective denial of the fundamental civil rights of an individual. Once during the trial Judge Barnhill remarked, in commenting on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, that "sometimes an environment has an effect upon a judicial ruling." I wonder if he meant that to be nasty about Old Webster Thayer, after all.

No, it is difficult not to accept Mr. Johnson's conclusion that, for all practical purposes, a striker is outside the law in North Carolina. Judge Shaw was indignant over the flogging of Wells and his companions, and Judge Barnhill was determined to try the Aderholt defendants for murder and not for radicalism. Nevertheless, neither of these jurists was able to see the absurdity and injustice of the religious qualification, and Judge Barnhill's sentences of the convicted murderers of Aderholt at least coincide with the popular belief that blood guiltiness varies directly with the defendant's degree of radicalism. Judge Stack courageously barred the examination of witnesses' religion and political ideas, but the jury freed the floggers just the same.

The Charlotte newspaper man who told me that there was going to be a whipping every time there was a speakin' had substantially the right information. "The people over there in Gastonia aren't going to tolerate these Red bastards and you can put that in your paper," he told me. "And nobody is going to be convicted for these whipping parties," he added. "You might as well have all the fun you can out of these hearings because that's all there'll be to it." It is unreasonable to demand moral indignation in a journalist, but I wish I could report that this was said at least with regret over the state of mind of a community which has so succumbed to frenzy that it has come to regard soapbox oratory as a high crime, and murder as a misdemeanor which can be forgotten when "everything blows over." But my journalistic friend wasn't horrified at all. He was like most of the people you meet down there, who talk to you superciliously on this question just as they talk about the Negro question—as if an outsider couldn't understand their "peculiar local problem." To think that after all these years of the radical menace in "foreign cities," we should have to go to North Carolina for instruction on the way to meet the radical movement!

Another newspaper man, also a North Carolinian, ran squarely against Gastonia respectability when he tried to provide a bail bond for a girl among the unionists who had been arrested on the charge of possessing liquor. The bail bond was for $100, and the scribe was willing to provide it. However, although everybody in the town knew him and his responsibility was unquestioned, he was not allowed to write a check to accompany the bond. The court had to have the money. And when he told people what he wanted a check cashed for, several refused to cash it and accused him of being a Red himself. In order to get this young girl out of the Gastonia lock-up, my friend had to go through more red tape than it would require to merge Standard Oil of New Jersey with Helena Rubenstein, Inc. . . . Those accused of slaying Ella May were released on a few flourishes of the fountain pen by the manager of the Loray mill.

Sometimes I wish I could believe that the North Carolina mob was really out of hand. Mob spirit is fearful to comtemplate, but it is passionate and uncalculating. The bourgeoisie of Gaston county tell you the population is so inflamed with hatred of the Communists that "anything may happen." I don't believe it. I have seen the proletariat of Gastonia, and I doubt if they are ever inflamed on any subject more serious than the number of flapjacks necessary for breakfast. It has required some healthy blow-torches to set those embers glowing.

The Gastonia Gazette, with its constant references to the Christ-like patience of Gastonia in the face of provocations, which it then proceeded to describe in incendiary fashion, doubtless contributed to the continuation of mob rage, and some of the gentry who told me with long faces how hard it was to "hold the boys in" had their fingers crossed. One such reminded me, after Ella May had been killed, "how much worse a thing like that looks in the paper than what it really was." He said that in the courtroom, which was full of his fellow-citizens who were accused of wantonly shooting down a helpless woman. He might have said, "What's all this fuss about a striker?" He chuckled and said, "You can't tell what the boys'll do when they get all rared up," as if they had stolen the front gate off the parsonage fence.

It was Samuel Butler, I believe, who wanted to know why sexual immorality in English fiction is so

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much more seriously condemned than homicide. North Carolina might ask herself by what processes of mind has she come to consider a ragged little Union meeting so much more criminal than murder, kidnapping, flogging, false arrest and arson. I don't see how her citizens can ask themselves such a question without seeing the necessity of a quick march out of the bog of ethical confusion in which these labor troubles have mired them.

FREDERIC NELSON.

The Riddle of Reparations[1]

IF THE WORLD were a play school in which we learned only what we wanted to learn, and turned our attention only to those occupations which amused us, we should read no more about reparations. Out of sheer boredom, we should be glad to accept the word of those who assure us that the Young plan is a "final and definitive settlement" of this troublesome matter, and go on to other things. But the world's economic education, proceeding out of the reparations problem, is a different type of schooling altogether. The nations have already had to learn lessons they did not want to learn, as experience turned them again and again from their preoccupations and prejudices, and brought their noses close to this difficult text. Experience has not finished with us in this realm. In spite of our eagerness to play, we are likely to be kept after school to find out still more about reparations. This being the case, it may be well to attempt to anticipate our experiential task-master, for the more nearly we keep pace with him, the sooner the last cover of the lesson book will be closed.

I

In order to understand the Young plan, we shall have to go back to the situation which preceded it. And our starting point must be the fundamentals explained so lucidly in 1923 by Moulton and McGuire of the Institute of Economics, in their study of "Germany's Capacity to Pay."

How can a nation pay to another such large sums as have been demanded of Germany? It cannot pay cash in gold and silver, because there is not enough of these precious metals; it must retain most of what it has, moreover, as a bank reserve to give stability to its currency and so to carry on ordinary economic processes. It cannot hand across its borders its real capital wealth—its land, buildings, and factories. It can pay paper money, but this is of use to the recipient only for what it will buy—and, in the long run, for what it will buy in the paying country. For if a nation should go on printing and paying out paper money without a corresponding increase in its production and sale of goods and services, the money would rapidly become worthless. The debtor nation can pay in bonds, stocks or other securities which represent indebtedness or an income interest in its property; but these documents will be of no value unless the interest or dividends on them are paid in money, and hence by the production and sale of goods and services. The debtor nation can thus pay only, first, by producing more than it consumes of goods and services, and, second, by exporting these surplus goods and services.

Before the War, Germany consistently imported more than she exported, both of goods and of gold and silver. So far as these items in her international accounts were concerned, she was not making a net payment to other nations; they were paying her, in large amounts. She was able to accomplish this, not, of course, by exacting tribute, but by selling an offsetting amount of services. The largest item among these services consisted of her investments and loans in foreign countries, in return for which she received interest and dividends. She made something by carrying foreign goods in her ships. She also earned a considerable amount from the business done for foreigners by her banks and insurance companies. Next in line, but of considerably smaller moment, were her receipts from foreign tourists. Altogether, her services rendered to foreigners outweighed the surplus of goods and gold received from them by an average value of about 400,000,000 gold marks a year, during the twenty-year period preceding the War. This sum she utilized to enlarge her investments abroad. If, in 1913, she had been called upon to pay an annual indemnity, this would have been about the measure of her capacity, if we assume that she ceased to invest any more abroad, and made no striking changes in the consumption and standard of living of her population, or in her capacity for producing exportable goods and services.

The War greatly reduced her capacity to pay. It cancelled most of her income from foreign investments, which either were sold to pay military expenses, or were confiscated by her enemies, or became worthless through revolution or economic collapse in European nations. Germany's pre-war foreign holdings of about 20,000,000,000 gold marks shrank to about 2,000,000,000—on much of which the interest was not received. Her shipping was disorganized—though she has since recuperated somewhat in this direction. There was no striking

[1] This is the first of a series of articles on the Young plan, the International Bank, and the reparations problem in general. The second article will be published next week, and is entitled, "Will the Young Plan Work?"

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increase in tourist expenditures. Through the loss of territory, she was forced to import more goods—especially iron ore and coal—if she was to maintain her pre-war volume of production. Imports of food had to be increased. Altogether, the "invisible" items in her international accounts were probably not more than one-tenth of the amount necessary to pay for the import surplus she required in the first three or four years following the War. She was merely eating into her remaining capital by such transfers of reparations as she did make. Her capacity to pay future reparations therefore appeared to be a minus quantity.

There were many who, because of their inability to understand or their reluctance to admit these economic axioms, argued that Germany could pay huge amounts. There were others who admitted the obvious facts, but thought that unsuspected sources of payment might be found in the course of time. Germany might somewhat reduce the consumption and the standard of living of her population below the pre-war level, without impairing its capacity to produce. If so, she might reduce her imports and increase her exports. Her productive capacity might be increased by progress in methods and machinery. She might find new foreign markets for her goods. Her pre-war status might be restored, and her growth resumed. It was argued, against this point of view that she could not reduce her imports appreciably, without reducing her exports as well. Her imports consisted, to a great extent, of raw materials which could not be found in Germany, or could be obtained there only at prohibitive cost. Her exports consisted largely of manufactured articles made from these materials. Another large item of imports consisted of food staples, and the food consumption of the working population could not be greatly reduced without impairing their efficiency. It was difficult to see where Germany could find a market for increased exports, moreover, with the collapse of Russia and central Europe, the increased protective duties everywhere, and the intensified competition for foreign trade the world over.

By 1923 all were agreed, however, that if anything more were to be paid, certain primary essentials had to be fulfilled. Germany's currency, which had become worthless as a result of inflation, caused in large part by reparation difficulties, had to be restored. There had to be at least a working agreement on the reparations issue, which would permit a revival of international economic stability. Then we could see what might be done.

II

The Dawes plan, which became effective September 1, 1924, was intended as such a stabilizing and experimental measure. Its adoption was accompanied by a gold loan to Germany for the purpose of starting her anew with a stable currency. It fixed the annual reparation instalments which Germany was to pay, on a rising scale, which culminated in the fifth year (to begin September 1, 1929) with 2,500,000,000 marks. This sum might be subject to further increase by the application of a "prosperity index." It did not fix the total amount for which Germany was to be liable, but left this open for future determination.

Aside from the economic fundamentals of international payments described above, there are two main technical problems. The first is to collect the necessary amounts inside the country, the second to transfer them to other countries. (A small part of the reparation obligations were of course met by "payments in kind"—goods shipped across the border from one government to another. There is no difficulty in transferring these, but their total is necessarily limited.) The Dawes plan specified the amounts which were to be collected within Germany from various special taxes and revenues and from the general budget. It set up an Allied control over the collection of these revenues. The plan also created a Transfer Committee to supervise the payment of these sums to the Allied governments.

In order that they may be transferred, German marks have to be exchanged for French francs, British pounds sterling, etc. Exchange transactions in such large volume might cause a decline in the exchange value of the mark. But if the exchange value of the mark were appreciably lowered, disastrous consequences would result for Germany and her creditors. First, Germany would lose her gold, because people in Germany who owed money in France and who had gold, or could get it, would rather buy the relatively large number of francs they would receive for a mark's worth of gold than the smaller number they would receive for a paper mark. After the gold was lost, or if an embargo were put upon it, prices would rise within Germany, with a consequent disturbance to her economic life. As a consequence of this danger, the Transfer Committee was instructed not to allow transfers which would materially reduce the exchange value of the mark.

In what circumstances would such danger arise? Obviously, whenever the number of marks offered for exchange into francs (or other foreign currencies) materially exceeded the number of francs offered for marks. The number of marks to be exchanged was arbitrarily increased by the terms of the reparation agreement. How might the number of francs to be exchanged be correspondingly increased? Only by an increase in the amount of money which people might want to send into Germany. And people would have to send money into Germany only to pay for exports of German goods and services. So this technical problem brings us back again to the necessity of developing a German export surplus. On the surface, it looked as if cash payments of reparations would not be transferred, under the Dawes plan, unless Germany developed the requisite export surplus. The Dawes plan would be a test of ability to pay.

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As a matter of fact, during the five years of the plan, the requisite amounts were collected in Germany, and they were transferred to Germany's creditors. Therefore it is commonly said that the Dawes plan succeeded.

III

But this judgment is completely upset by a somewhat unexpected development. People might want to send money into Germany, not merely to pay for an export surplus of goods and services, but also because Germans offered to borrow it at high rates of interest. That is precisely what happened. If the Germans had not borrowed so much money in the past five years, they could not even have paid for the imports they required, to say nothing of transferring reparations annuities. The successful transfer was not accompanied by the growth of an export surplus; quite the reverse. The following table, compiled by Dr. H. G. Moulton, makes this clear:

Germany's Foreign Trade, 1925-28
(In millions of marks)

Year	Imports	Exports	Excess of Imports
1925.....	12,360	8,796	3,564
1926.....	9,996	9,780	216
1927.....	14,232	10,224	4,008
1928.....	14,043	11,396	2,647
Total.....	50,631	40,196	10,435

By the end of 1928 foreign loans in Germany through public offerings totalled 6,878,000,000 gold marks, and private loans and investments going into the country probably almost equalled this amount. German governments, businesses and citizens have borrowed abroad two marks for every mark that has been paid in reparations under the Dawes plan, and have used the surplus for buying the extra goods they needed, but could not pay for with exports. This immense influx of money enabled the reparation transfers to be made without any decline in the exchange value of the mark. It also greatly facilitated the collection of the necessary taxes within Germany, wherewith reparations were to be paid. For it stimulated construction of public works, of industrial buildings, and other current production. It lightened the burden of taxation for public improvements and thus allowed more to be collected for reparations. It poured into the national income a constant and enormous stream of foreign purchasing power.

The Dawes plan was revised, ostensibly, because it was desirable to fix the total amount for which Germany was indebted, and to remove the foreign control over her finances. The Agent General for Reparations, Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, had written in his 1927 report:

> Neither the reparation problem nor the other problems depending upon it will be finally solved until Germany has been given a definite task to perform on her own responsibility, without foreign supervision and without transfer protection.

But the "definite task"—in other words, the total amount to be paid—could not be fixed on the basis of any demonstration furnished under the Dawes plan concerning Germany's capacity to pay. We have no evidence yet that Germany can develop an export surplus. All the evidence we have concerns Germany's capacity to borrow. But whether she can continue indefinitely to borrow at anything like the rate she has been borrowing remains an open question. The Dawes plan was a useful bridge by which to escape from the confusion which preceded it. But it settled none of the basic problems. The Young plan, which we shall begin to describe in the next article, is therefore just another experiment.

GEORGE SOULE.

Geometry of Sunset

Geometricians, you who plot the curves
And angles of the earth, and who lay bare
Beauty in her nakedness, your nerves
Projecting their own fabric on the air,
Graph the one consummate, perfect line
With which the day meets night, the splendid arc
That bends, yet does not seem to bend, so fine
And delicate is its gesture toward the dark.

Unloose these clouds; sheer off this purple crest
Of hills; cleave through this twilight; leave only
The tenuous line described upon the sea
Of nothing by earth's poles—emancipate
From the body of this death—this dying west,
The living Beauty, stark and ultimate.

CLEANTH BROOKS, JR.

Foot-Hill Summer

Within dry gulch sand runs in grass,
Water is shrunk to rocky spring,
Banks cave in dusty nettle-pass,
White butterflies on thistle cling.

Wings flash in sunny-wild ravine,
Grasshoppers bend ripe tassel-straw,
Oats hang on slope, or misty, screen
Path-boulders scratched by meadow-claw.

Scrub-oak leans over pasture-ground,
Red leaves burn deep in thorny hay,
Vine-creeper fades on stony mound,
Field morning-glory drags from clay.

Blade-clashing in weed-haunted skull
Earth thunders; and for deadly feet
The mice have made a frightened lull
In the bronze shadow of the wheat.

LINCOLN FITZELL.

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The Football Business

A few days ago, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching startled the country by publishing a report showing that most of the country's universities are buying athletes to participate in their intercollegiate contests, and especially football. The following article is written by a member of the faculty in a leading American college, and describes from first-hand experience, and in detail, the activities which are the basis of the Foundation's report. For obvious reasons, the author finds it necessary to write under a pseudonym.

I AM an associate professor of English at an eastern university whose football teams have been beaten with monotonous regularity during the past four years. I have been alumni secretary for five years and, for an equal length of time, the so-called preparatory school contact-man. For the past decade I have served on the faculty committee which awards scholarships to deserving students. As a result of these experiences I have been brought into intimate contact with the question of professionalism in intercollegiate athletics.

The big majority of the articles in newspapers and magazines on the subject of proselyting have been written by men who are simply observers. In common parlance they are on the outside looking in, and although they speak with apparent authority, the truth of the matter is that they do not know what they are talking about. They will tell you that athletics in our American colleges and universities are cleaner than they have been in the past, that the practice of proselyting is dying out and that, except in a few exceptional cases, varsity football teams are composed of bona-fide students who are attending college for the sole purpose of securing an education.

As a matter of fact, competition among our colleges for the acquisition of preparatory and high-school gridiron stars is keener than ever before, and it is practically impossible for a college to have consistently successful fooball teams unless it bids in the open market for the services of outstanding players in secondary schools.

Intercollegiate football has become a business proposition. The expenses of a season, even for a minor college, are surprisingly large. The salaries of the head coach and his staff, the cost of trainers and training table, guarantees, equipment and the care of the playing field total many thousands of dollars. The money must come from somewhere. A winning team draws large gate receipts; a losing team is a financial failure. Therefore, it behooves a college to have a winning team. Otherwise there is a large deficit at the end of the season and no money with which to finance basketball, baseball, track and other non-paying sports.

So the graduate manager of athletics takes upon himself the task of producing a winner. He engages the best coach procurable, encourages prep-school football players to enter his college, makes frantic pleas for alumni support, and hopes for the best.

The problem of schedule-making confronts him. For the early season he arranges games with minor colleges, paying them large guarantees for appearance on the home field. He requests places on the schedules of the larger universities, but is courteously informed that their lists have long since been filled. He writes to So-and-so College, which has had a winning team for years and one which draws large crowds in New York or Philadelphia. The graduate manager of So-and-so replies that before expecting consideration of any kind, Blank College should go out and get a reputation. So the harassed graduate manager of Blank fills in with whatever teams he can get, announces his schedule, and braces himself for the wave of protest which is certain to overwhelm him.

By letter, telegram and personal visit, he is requested, courteously and otherwise, to explain why Blank has to play Squedunk and Schoolville. Why didn't he sign up with Princeton or Yale? How about some of these colleges no bigger than Blank which play before thirty thousand people in New York? What's the big idea, anyhow?

The graduate manager explains patiently that Blank has had a poor record in football for the past several years, and that it isn't a drawing card for the money-making colleges. "If we want to play big-league football," he says, "we've got to have a winning team."

"Well, then," reply the alumni, "let's *get* a winning team."

Sometimes, if a college happens to be blessed with wealthy graduates, a sum of money is contributed for the express purpose of paying the expenses of star athletes. A coach of national reputation is secured. In his first year, the varsity does poorly, but the freshmen finish the season undefeated. In the second year, the varsity team shows surprising improvement; in the third year, it is a near champion.

Sport writers wax enthusiastic over the success of the system which Coach Hocus-pokus has installed. The alumni puff out their chests, hurry down to the office and make nuisances of themselves among their associates. The following season—those miraculously strong freshmen are seniors now—the team plays in New York before forty thousand people who have paid $3 each to see the near champions in action. From the net

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returns of the season, totaling over $100,000, the wealthy graduates are given back their initial investment, with interest. The graduate manager doesn't need to worry now about his schedule. The team is a headliner, a winner. And the problem is solved.

It all seems simple enough. But it so happens that at Blank College, which is my own university, the leaders among our alumni body are men of rather old-fashioned ideas of honor and fair play. Any one of a dozen I might mention is financially able to buy a winning football team. A few years ago we seriously considered the advisability of going into the *business* of football on a large scale—and voted it down. We decided that the primary purpose of a university is to educate young men. Many of our recent graduates, who are "razzed" in the office whenever we are beaten, emit indignant howls of protest, and demand the coach's scalp.

What they don't understand is that Blank is playing the game according to the rules, that our football players are paying the same tuition as other students and are meeting exactly the same scholastic requirements. And they have no knowledge whatever of the practices employed by other colleges of our own size who are defeating us year after year with monotonous regularity.

We have three major opponents on our football schedule. Of the twelve games played with them since 1924, we have won two and lost ten. One of these major opponents has an amateur football team, and in our series of four games we have broken even. The other two teams have beaten us by from one to twelve touchdowns. They have their victories, but we have our self-respect.

We would drop them from our schedule were it not for the fact that it would mean financial suicide. Our athletic association has a note for forty thousand dollars in a local bank, the accumulated deficits of the past five years. The games with these two major opponents—whose teams are unquestionably semi-professional—are our only hope of ultimate solvency. If by a miracle we could reach either game undefeated, we would draw a gate large enough to pay off the note. And then, too, there is the traditional aspect of the case. We have played against both of these opponents for twenty years.

And so we continue to be an amateur team in a league which is composed mainly of professionals. There are some colleges with which we will not schedule games, colleges which are placed on the blacklist of every respectable institution. They accept for entrance candidates who are not qualified to carry college work. These men enroll in special courses, attend classes when the spirit moves them, and receive a salary every Saturday night for jobs which include jumping over a chair, managing a non-existent laundry, or acting as salesman for a real-estate firm many miles away. These "salesmen" receive advance commissions for parcels of land which are to be sold some time in the future.

Class two on our list includes those colleges which require their football players to qualify for entrance, although occasionally mechanical training and music are accepted for admission. These football players attend classes more or less regularly, but their professors make allowances for their services on the gridiron and "go easy" on them. They are given a scholarship covering tuition and all fees, the fraternities provide board and room free of charge, and the athletic association helps out if necessary in the matter of spending money. These men are, to all appearances, bona-fide students and simon-pure amateur athletes; but they are receiving a college education, or what goes for a college education, without cost; and the peculiar thing about them is that no matter how poor they may be as students, they are never reported deficient during football season.

Then, of course, there are the large universities whose entrance requirements are stringent and whose scholastic standards are above reproach. These universities have adopted a code of ethics which is a model of its kind. So far as the administrative officers and faculty are concerned, their hands are clean.

But they have no control over their alumni body. Magnus University, for instance, remains in complete ignorance if an interested graduate chooses to dip into his pocket and provide the funds for the education of a deserving boy. The fact that the boy in question happens to be an outstanding athlete is of no concern to the university. He pays his tuition, maintains satisfactory class standing and is an admirable young man in every way.

Probably I can best describe this system of alumni support of athletes by recounting an incident which came to my attention a few years ago. A high-school graduate applied for admission to Blank University and was accepted. Because of his exceptional record in school, both as a leader and an athlete, he was awarded a scholarship valued at $250 a year. We have five such scholarships given on the basis of the Rhodes Scholarships to Oxford.

This boy—let us call him McCormick—had friends at Blank. They found a job for him waiting on table downtown and arranged to have him pay his room rent by tending furnace in a private house near the campus. He had saved $200, which was enough to see him through the first year. Naturally we expected great things of him at Blank, for he was a football and basketball player of unusual ability.

Our consternation can be imagined, therefore, when, two weeks before the opening of college, we learned that McCormick had decided not to attend Blank after all. We next heard of him as the star halfback in one of the leading preparatory schools of the East. The tuition at that school is approximately $2,000 a year.

McCormick remained there for two years, then

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entered Magnus University as a freshman. He was captain of the yearling football team, and last season earned all-American mention as halfback on the varsity. And McCormick, we must remember, had exactly $200 to his name when he applied for admission to Blank.

What really happened is this. Because of his football ability, the boy was "staked" to two years in preparatory school and four years in college by a wealthy alumnus of Magnus University. I happen to know that each year, ten outstanding athletes have their way paid at this preparatory school by alumni of Magnus. But the university authorities know nothing about it, and Magnus stands in the forefront of our American universities, with a reputation for clean athletics and unquestioned good sportsmanship.

The case of McCormick is only one of many with which I have had intimate personal contact. About five years ago we had at Blank a student whom we shall call Larry Jones. He came from a small high school unheralded and unsung, but in sophomore year, he won his varsity letter in football, basketball and baseball. He was one of those rare athletes who enjoy perfect coördination of mind and muscle, and he was probably the best halfback on the Atlantic Coast.

But he remained at Blank for only two years. The next season saw him as a backfield star at West Point, where he achieved the ambition of all football players—a position on Walter Camp's all-American team.

He has a brother Jimmy, who was ready for college in 1926. Jimmy, who wanted to enter Blank, visited the scholarship committee at my office in the university. His father had suffered financial reverses and could give him no help. We offered him a memorial scholarship covering tuition and fees.

"That's fine," he said, "but where am I going to live and how am I going to eat?"

We suggested a job downtown, but he explained to us that he wouldn't be required to work at other colleges. So we let him go, and now, if I should tell you his real name, you would recognize him as quarterback on the football team and shortstop on the baseball nine of a large eastern university. He must have found there an answer to his question concerning food and lodging.

Then there is the case of Swede Swanson. Swede was six feet tall and weighed 190 pounds. As a high-school fullback he was the sensation of scholastic circles, and because he lived within thirty miles of Blank, we tried, in our amateurish way, to interest him in entrance. Only two things prevented the success of the plan: he had no money and he was able to offer only six of the fifteen credits required for admission. And so we lost contact with Swede until two years later, when he blossomed forth as the star fullback on the varsity team of a large metropolitan college.

I could recount at least a score of incidents of this type, but those mentioned above should provide sufficient proof of our contention that all is not as it should be in the world of intercollegiate athletics. There is no question whatever that the practice of proselyting is rampant in our colleges and universities, but even more surprising is the fact that there are a few institutions which actually offer financial assistance to young men already in college.

Some years ago there was a football player at Blank whom we shall call Charley Hinds. He was a big, strapping chap with the shoulders of a Hercules. He played end on our varsity team, but because of financial difficulties was forced to leave college after completing his sophomore year. His scholastic record was bad, but his record as an athlete was far above the average.

He went to work as a swimming instructor in an amusement park; he married and had a child. But the next year he entered a university which is known throughout the country for the excellence of its football teams. His play during the season gained him national recognition. In the winter, as manager of the university's indoor track team, he spent several weeks in New York. His wife and baby lived in an apartment on the West Side. Hinds had very little money, but he supported his wife and child and paid his own college expenses. Here at Blank University we should like to know how he did it. Our graduate manager knows, but he won't tell.

Charlie Hinds, however, isn't our only athlete to transfer to another college. There is, for instance, Ben Gibbons. Ben was our most promising freshman tackle two years ago. He was a poor boy, commuting to college from his home fifteen miles away. He held a scholarship awarded in open competition and was an exceptional student. He would reach the campus at eight o'clock in the morning, go without lunch because he couldn't afford to buy it and was too proud to bring his own, attend football practice and take the 7:40 train home. It was a hard struggle, but he plugged along grimly.

He wanted very much to live on the campus in his sophomore year, but he did not see how he could possibly do it without long hours of manual labor. And then, a classmate of his in high school who was an undergraduate at a small college in Pennsylvania announced to Ben that he could attend Smalltown without any expense whatever.

Ben entered into correspondence with the Smalltown coach and showed us the letters, which promised him tuition, board, room-rent and spending money. There didn't seem to be any special secrecy about it. The Smalltown coach wrote to our graduate manager, whom he knew personally:

"I hate to dish you out of a good man, Bill, but we sure do need a tackle down here."

Ben Gibbons, balancing release from financial worry against hours of hard work, decided to go to Smalltown. Last season he made a splendid record as varsity tackle.

All of which leads us to speculate about the effect of such practices upon the boys themselves. Hinds

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and Gibbons, of course, were older men and decided only after careful deliberation to trade their athletic ability for a bachelor's degree. Gibbons is still at Smalltown taking an engineering course and doing well. It isn't a very good course, but he hopes later to attend Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Hinds is a teacher of physical training at a minor college, and word reaches us that he is earning less money now than he did as an undergraduate, although he is able to add to his income by playing professional football.

But what about the high-school and prep-school stars who sell themselves to the highest bidder? Their football coaches have given them an exaggerated idea of their own importance, and the fact that there are many colleges which will take them at their face value leads naturally to the assumption that so long as they make good on the football field, they have nothing to worry about. Many of them, I should say about 50 percent, receive classroom training which will stand them in good stead in future years. The others remain in college for a year or two, and then pass out of the picture. They play professional football and baseball for a time, but eventually they are forced to accept a minor position with some business concern. I have never known of any so-called athletic-scholarship man who has risen to a position of prominence.

But the practice of proselyting, of bidding in the open market for outstanding football players, goes merrily on; and the college which plays fair, which maintains its self-respect in spite of a long succession of defeats, finds itself in an unhappy position. It must either accept defeat as inevitable or risk the loss of alumni support. The college whose football team loses consistently erects no stadium or gymnasium with funds raised by its graduates. Contributions to the alumni associations lag; the "loyalty fund," which should enjoy normal growth, actually becomes smaller. Influential graduates lose interest, and the administration finds it increasingly difficult to meet the yearly deficit.

There is, fortunately, at my own university, a small group in our alumni body which is willing to pay the price of self-respect. But the big majority of our graduates, especially those of the past ten years, hate to be beaten. They are bringing an increasingly strong pressure to bear upon our athletic authorities. They are tired of getting licked, they explain, and they want us to climb on the band wagon and make some noise in the big parade.

So what are we going to do about it? What is going to be done by the other colleges which play the game according to the rules? That is the question which faces us at the present time. And the answer? Well, we haven't any idea of what the answer will be. That depends, to a great extent, on the American public, and on the alumni of our colleges and universities. Possibly the situation will be clarified in a few years.

But meanwhile, what is a college to do?

RAYMOND L. SUMMERS.

Washington Notes

WITH about three more weeks to go before the extra session closes, the rout of the so-called Old Guard Republican leaders of the Senate seems complete. It is hardly possible to have made a greater mess of things than they have of their tariff fight. There they sit today, beaten and dejected, unable to function and almost as bitter toward each other as toward the Insurgent Republicans. What a contrast to the old days of Republican leadership and organization discipline! What an exhibition of incompetency and ineptitude by a party which came into power with an unprecedented popular majority and every possible political advantage. However, it is not worth while to dwell upon their pitiable condition, or on the reasons for it. It is more profitable to consider the ultimate outcome. At this writing, it seems agreed that only two things can happen—one, that there will be no tariff bill at all at this session; the other, that the bill will be reasonably along the lines Mr. Hoover desires.

This has been the inescapable logic of the situation from the start. It still is. Beating the demoralized and discordant Old Guard in the Senate, taking the bill out of its hands, eliminating the flexible feature, injecting the debenture plan, and rewriting the industrial rates downward was a relatively easy proposition once the air-tight coalition between Democrats and Progressives was formed. However, beating the combination of the House and Hoover is an entirely different matter. I do not think there will be much difficulty so far as the rates are concerned. The conferees for the House will be prepared to accept the reductions in the higher industrial rates, which were forced on it by the lobby in the first place, and to which Mr. Hoover was opposed. The real fight will come over the debenture plan and the flexible provision. It will be an interesting tug-of-war. It is suggested that the Senate coalition will give in on the debenture in order to have its way with the flexible provision. Of course it will. There isn't anything else to do. Not even the most hardy optimist from the West believes that the debenture can be pushed past the House, and there will be no real sincerity in such an attempt.

The certainty of a Hoover veto for a measure containing the debenture plan is not questioned. Probably he would accept the bill without the flexible feature, strongly as he desires it, but it would be impossible for him to approve the other without complete stultification. It seems to me that in the conference the odds will be on the House side, because of its White House backing and its greater support. The potency of the Senate conferees will be diminished by the obvious fact that the Democratic end of the coalition is to a considerable extent inspired by the hope of partisan advantage. Under the circumstances, for the Senate—in conference—to swing the House would be for the weaker side to prevail over the stronger. The Senate, as at present controlled, can bring about a deadlock that will kill the bill but it cannot otherwise have its way this time, as it has in the past—even should it be able to take the naming of the Senate conferees out of the hands of the Vice-President and designate them by resolution. At least, so it seems to my impartial view. Of course, the

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prospects grow better for no bill all the time. That is the result least pleasant for Mr. Hoover to contemplate, inasmuch as it would leave his farm-relief promise half-fulfilled, and give the Democrats a fine chance to point out his futility as a party leader.

Leaving the subject of the tariff, it is interesting to note the way in which the Lobby Investigating Committee has supplanted the Shearer investigation on the front pages, discouraging the latter to such an extent that it has not, at this writing, had the strength to resume hearings, though it had a number of witnesses scheduled and various sensations promised. Probably by the time this is printed it will have started functioning again, but it will hardly recapture public attention. One reason is because of the difference between the committees. The Shearer Committee, headed by the funereal Shortridge, is sluggish and dull, missing most of the real opportunities and lacking both force and penetration. The Lobby Committee, on the other hand, is quite the most savage aggregation that has been seen here in a long time. Its four active members—Caraway of Arkansas, Walsh of Montana, Blaine of Wisconsin and Robinson of Indiana—are beyond doubt the most merciless and incisive quartette that could be formed from the Senate membership. The manner in which they cut their polished colleague, Mr. Bingham of Connecticut, to ribbons when he made his voluntary appearance before the committee to explain his amazing indiscretion in putting an official of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association on the Senate payroll and inviting said official into the secret tariff sessions of the Finance Committee, was a sample of their work. Of course Senator Bingham deserved what he got, and perhaps a bit more, but it was, nevertheless, unexpectedly ruthless. Incidentally, the Lobby Committee through its disclosures of the details of the Bingham-Eyanson incident, and the attention it has concentrated upon the whole tariff-lobbying business, certainly destroyed the last faint hope, among the high protection Senators and their industrial friends, of getting through anything even remotely resembling the Hawley-Smoot bill, either at this or the next session. If it had been a healthy bill when they started, they would have effectively scuttled it. When this committee was first named I was sceptical of results and I still think there will be none, except possibly to supply front-page copy for the "corps of correspondents." But that is result enough to justify its existence.

The selection by Mr. Hoover of Senator Reed of Pennsylvania and Senator Robinson of Arkansas as representatives of the Senate on the American delegation at the London Naval Disarmament Conference seems to have caused considerable feeling on both sides of the Senate chamber. However, poor Herbert was in a difficult position and it is hard to see what else he could have done. Of course Senator Swanson, as the ranking Democrat on the Naval Committee, hoped to go, but if he were picked, it meant that the Republican member had to be Senator Hale of Maine, its chairman. The reasons for not sending Mr. Hale were many, the fact that he is notoriously a big-navy man being merely one. Clearly, Herbert had to keep away from the Naval committee, which left him no choice save to ask Robinson, as the minority leader. In this, too, he was following the Harding precedent in the appointment of Underwood. On the Republican side he either had to pick Jim Watson, the Republican floor leader, or limit himself to the Foreign Affairs Committee. To send an Indiana politician of the Watson type to an international conference was hardly reasonable. Borah, Chairman of Foreign Affairs, was offered the place and declined. The personal relations between Hoover and Hiram Johnson eliminated the gentleman from California. It is easy to understand why Hoover then skipped over Edge and Capper. It is not so easy to explain why he skipped the Hon. George Moses, who also ranked Reed on the committee, but he must have had his reasons. At any rate, while there is naturally some soreness, it ought to be plain that Mr. Reed was arrived at by a process of elimination, and was not exactly a spontaneous selection due to his overwhelming merit and outstanding qualifications. His acceptance of the post, however, has a certain significance. For one thing, it means that the Vare case will be finally voted on and disposed of early in December. For another, it means that if the tariff bill fails at this session, the regular Republicans intend to make no real effort to pass it at the regular session. To all intents and purposes, so far as the regulars are concerned, the tariff has been abandoned. If it ever does pass, it will have to be put through by the coalition. With control, the Progressives and Democrats have also achieved responsibility.

T. R. B.

Washington.

An Actress and a Dramatist

Ladies of the Jury, by Fred Ballard. Erlanger's Theater, October 21, 1929.

Maggie, the Magnificent, by George Kelly. Cort Theater, October 21, 1929.

OF MRS. FISKE'S new comedy by Mr. Fred Ballard, there is little to be said except that it has an amusing Barriesque situation—this lady knowing the truth by intuition and handling by the same faculty the law processes of a trial and the manipulation of the jury—and that it has otherwise no brilliance, certainly, and not much wit. Of Mrs. Fiske's performance we may say that it has her own intangible comedy all through it. A broad study of the part, very like vaudeville, becomes, through her, more genuinely spirited and comic; she manages to throw her gift both ways, toward the almost burlesque that the other roles approximate, and toward the comedy that she creates, quite beyond the author's powers.

I must set down first the story, very briefly, of Mr. George Kelly's new piece, in order afterwards to make some points about it that seem to me important. In a home below what we may call middle-class, a home where the mother does all the work, the son clerks at a soda fountain, and the daughter, with a high-school education, has a sort of companion's position to a rich lady, we see the mother quarreling always at this magnificent Maggie, scornfully called that by the rest of the family. The son has married something of a tart, who for six weeks

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has lounged resentfully around and now takes up secretly with a man who can give her stylish furs and hand-bags and Atlantic City. There is a boarder from many years back, Katie, who befriends everyone, especially Maggie, for whose chance to go to school she is responsible; she has persuaded the mother to that end. There is a young man, Tom, doing well, rising from his and her class to bright hopes, et cetera, in love with Maggie, distressed about this horrible home she endures and even supports out of her earnings. The mother has a sister in New Brunswick, whose presence in the house, however brief the visit, sends Maggie out of it. Maggie's father, dead many years, had married beneath himself, and it is from him that she gets these superior traits.

In the course of a row about the aunt, in which Maggie is silent but more and more exasperated, her mother, jumping at meanings which Maggie had not intended, lets slip the secret that her husband had had to marry her and that Maggie is the child of her fall. She slaps Maggie in the face. After that Maggie ignores her, while the resolution to accept the invitation to come and live at the house where she is employed settles in her mind. She leaves, leaves the mother in hysterics, Katie in tears and the new wife gone off three days on a pretended visit to her sister. The daughter-in-law returns, laden with Atlantic City gifts. She defeats her husband's mother by threatening to expose the son's bootlegging, and by holding her secret over her; the sister—on the strength of two beers—had let it out. The mother is cornered. In the last act we see the rich house, the servants, Tom's visit, his proposal and acceptance, and then a visit from Maggie's family. The six weeks' bride goes out for good, the brother will learn to be a chauffeur, and Tom, Katie and the mother stay for dinner.

It seems pretty generally felt that Mr. Kelly's new play, though expert, does not come off, or fails to please, or is dull, whichever way you want to put it. I myself never found it dull, but was, on the contrary, held from start to finish—I should have been held by the mere structure, divorced from the content, if that were possible in any art. But it is true that I felt a regret that such admirable dramatic writing could not have gone further, somehow, and left a higher excitement and spring of life in its wake. This shortcoming is not due to the material employed, as people are apt to say, for the sordidness of the world portrayed is not in itself impossible, not for intelligent spectators. It is due to two things: the character of the heroine and the performance of some of the leading roles, chiefly hers.

As to Maggie, it must be said that logically she might very well have been what she appears to be in the play now. She has character, she is aspiring and respectable and sincere and proud, but seems a bit uninteresting, and, what is worse, hard and unsympathetic—her mother carries off the sympathy in the climactic scene. It might very well be, as I said, that the daughter of such a house should be like that; and the logic of the play remains wholly unmarred by her being so. But the logic would have been equally good, and certainly the whole effect more comprehensive of our emotions, if Maggie had herself been more sensitive, or more fanned and colored by the things inside her long-suffering breast. Or she might have been left as she is now, and the author have indicated to us that he himself perceived these shortcomings and made them a part of his intention. This is all we have a right to ask. Maggie can be any way he likes, but we must be sure he knows that she is like that. Otherwise, as happens in so much inferior fiction, the author's level is, for the moment at least, the same as the character's. I have, alas, a sort of suspicion that this Maggie, as she is now, seems finer to Mr. Kelly than she does to us—a damaging reflection.

But a good deal more than from the writing, the limitations of the heroine of "Maggie, the Magnificent" derived from the portrayal of the part by Miss Shirley Warde. She gave a straight and honest performance, but one without charm and without any interesting shadings. Her scene of telling the mother goodbye and Katie goodbye and leaving home, was mostly colorless and insensitive, and threw everything to the mother, whose excellent portrayal, by Miss Marion S. Barney, had at least the capacity for suffering and dull absurdity and stored-up confusion and hate. It is curious in the arts to see by what small details the whole is indicated. In Miss Warde's stage movement, or the placing of her feet when she got ready for a serious moment, or the relation of her body to the people around her, the insensitiveness and mediocrity of the character, as we saw it, were established. But all this falls somewhat on the dramatist also, since he directed the play and entered so closely and carefully into its effects. The stupid, ugly and pretentious drawing-room which had been provided for the last act, where the upper-class lady lives and where Maggie has come more or less into her own, did not lessen one's impression of some final cultural mediocrity behind the whole occasion.

The rest of the company played sometimes well, sometimes not. Mr. Frank Rowan as the lover, and Mr. James Cagney as the son, gave good performances. Miss Joan Blondell, as the rough bride, was rather more than Mae Western and got off into burlesque, though always very entertaining; and Miss Mary Frey, as Katie, the boarder and family friend, though sincere, was too much impressed with the solemnities of the character; so far as I could tell the part was very well imagined, and her speeches were well enough if they had been said impetuously and humanly and not with that stage moral-platitude effect, as if all pious generalizations were actorish sermons instead of being—in which vein they are both dramatic and true to life—kindly common sense or passionate intuitions.

I think I know what happens to Mr. Kelly in such matters. As an expert theater man, he knows how little the average actor, though pleasant enough, can act anything; and so he finds himself turning to the sure-fire qualities that develop best these days in the world of vaudeville. Not that these players have come out of vaudeville necessarily; what I mean to say is that their attack and some of the things they are given to do, are not subtly suited to such a play as this, and that their moments either come off sharply and fully, or else remain flat and trite.

For all these reasons I hope the play will be published, and also because no account can even indicate the perfection of its development, the absolute logic of its parts, the level and flowing structure of the separate scenes that make up the acts and constitute the play's sum—we may take the scene of Katie's interventions, of the son's wretched

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contacts with his mother, of Tom's proposal, for good examples. There is a certain beauty in any fine logical sequence; and this beauty is continuously implicit throughout "Maggie, the Magnificent." The exact spot, for instance, in the play's structural pattern, where Maggie announces her intention of leaving, and we see the mother's hysterics and a few moments later her complete defeat by the daughter-in-law's news, seems to me perfection, a source of great technical delight to remember and analyze. I can't see why the technique behind this play of Mr. Kelly's is not every whit the equal of Henri Becque's long-celebrated technical achievement in "Les Corbeaux," and far beyond any of Pinero's over-obvious technical feats. And this is leaving out of account those other excellences in Mr. Kelly's work: the admirable rendering of our popular speech, continuous and in the most living of rhythms; and the distinct and round drawing of the characters, every one of whom is, moreover, securely fitted into the whole scheme—I will cite only the mother's portrait, this woman, born common, married by her seducer, who despised her and shut the door on the rest of her family, hating him even in death and still hurt, dumbly and fiercely, after so many years, by the sting of his contempt. She sees the whole thing survive in this daughter whom she resents, is proud of, sends to school, baits and abuses and takes money from; she is frightened about her secret; she adores the worthless son, in whom her own blood comes out; and, finally at the very last, she is saved, deserted, pitied, scorned by them all, but is always baffled, stupid, violent and hurt.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Memory of Lynn Haines

SIR: The recent death of Lynn Haines at Washington removes an outstanding figure in the effort to make government an efficient servant of the people.

Mr. Haines received his early training in his home state of Minnesota, where he exposed the derelictions of members of the Minnesota legislative session of 1907. This resulted in retiring several of them, and as a result he was denied a seat at the reporters' table, to which he was entitled as correspondent for many state papers.

In 1911 he organized the National Voters' League in Washington, and shortly thereafter started the publication of The Searchlight on Congress, which not only exposed the shortcomings of Senators and Congressmen through publication of the deadly roll-call, but threw light on the outside interests affecting Congress, interests which have been investigated frequently since then.

Mr. Haines was a thorough student of the science of government and the relation of departments to our alleged three-fold division of governmental powers. His best known book probably is "Your Servants in the Senate." His books and works were used by many foreign governments in reorganization after the War.

Although, at first, his efforts were largely confined to special measures, in his later years he had specialized upon the reorganization of government in the United States to meet the requirements of an industrial and mechanized country.

Like every other soldier in the common cause, Lynn Haines spent himself, as well as the salary he and his wife were supposed to be getting, in furthering the purposes to which his life was devoted.

At the memorial service for him, Senators, members of the House of Representatives, prominent government officials and others testified to the enormous influence he had on Congress through his clear writing and his conscientious devotion to the fundamental principles of democracy.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH.

Washington, D. C.

Larsson *vs.* Dahlberg

SIR: In your issue of October 23, Mr. Larsson comments at heavy length upon misquotations of his poetry in Mr. Dahlberg's review for The New Republic of October 2. Mr. Larsson implies that his verses "have undergone such strange changes in passing through the discomforting provinces of Mr. Dahlberg's mind," that it is only with difficulty that the author can recognize and restore his own work. Nevertheless, he makes the laborious effort. *Parturiunt montes;* and we discover that Mr. Dahlberg's "strange changes" amount to this: the addition, in one poem, of the word *is*; the deletion, in another poem, of the significant monosyllable *yet;* and the dropping, from another poem, of "six complete lines"—although in the last case it is distressing to observe that Mr. Larsson's *locus correctus* presents a poem with no complete lines at all. . . .

It is obvious that in the cited cases Mr. Dahlberg's strange changes have neither seriously impaired the verses, nor converted them into something rich and strange. They simply don't matter, one way or another. What does matter is the fact that valuable space in The New Republic is wasted upon incompetent reviews, turgidly sarcastic counter-reviews and letters like this.

DUDLEY FITTS.

Wallingford, Conn.

Prohibition and Reason

SIR: Prohibition may eventually prove to be the best solution of the drink problem, as Annie L. Sears recently contended in your correspondence columns, but reason and judgment, upon which she relies as a "final court of appeal," so far in our experience seem to me hardly to sanction the acceptance of prohibition as a complete or even a probable demonstration of the cure of an evil. Quoting Professor Whitehead about the survival value of "trained intelligence" is too random a method of arguing to have any bearing upon a specific issue such as prohibition. One may ask: "Intelligence trained for what?" For mutual slaughter, for exhaustion of natural resources at the quickest possible rate, for more machine-tending, for the production of more films and rayon hose? I believe it was Bertrand Russell who said that the ends of life are set by the mystic and the poet. The prohibition mystic —I doubt if there are any poets devoted to the cause—aided by the mass producer, especially of automobiles, does not strike me as either very interesting or very inspiring.

Miss Jane Addams' opinion, which is cited as proof of the good effect of prohibition, can be offset by opinions to the contrary. Indeed, The New Republic printed such a one in the same issue, that of Judge Franklin Chase Hoyt of the New York Children's Court. Reason and judgment are hard put to decide between such conflicting sets of evidence. Perhaps a suspension of judgment is what reason would ask until more positive facts are available.

Meanwhile, shall we let prohibitionists have their Eighteenth Amendment way with us without opposing them, merely to discover, as an experiment in logic, what the verdict of "reason and judgment" will be, ultimately? That policy does not seem to me to be sound "reason and judgment" at all. Accordingly, since "reason and judgment" are to be our guides as well as Annie L. Sears', we shall continue to work for a more rational, feasible, and effective way of dealing with the question of fermented beverages.

What we seek is a system of control that takes into account all the factors of human nature and human society bearing upon the problem, not merely what mass producers at Detroit or in the neighborhood of Hull House, Chicago, may think is good for us. Some of us still remain human beings and United States citizens in spite of the fact that we aren't living under the benign influence and direction of either Jane Addams or Henry Ford.

Portland, Ore. H. C. DEKKER.

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Hard-Boiled and Romantic

The New American Caravan, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld. New York: The Macaulay Company. 465 pages. $3.50.

THE New American Caravan," third in this series of invaluable yearbooks, is almost entirely the work of younger writers. Of the twenty-nine contributors, only three are more than thirty-five years old. Three others do not give their age. Thirteen, or exactly half of those who do, were born since 1900. "Who are the younger writers and what are they doing?" is the question that will always be asked by people interested in the current history of American letters. "The American Caravan" is the only publication that gives a reliable answer.

The Dial is dead, and even during its life it had ceased to be receptive to new ideas; it published Cummings when he first appeared, but six years later it was closed to Hemingway. The place of The Dial as it was from 1919 till 1925 has been partly taken by The Hound and Horn, which represents, however, only the more Thomistic section of the younger generation. Transition, when its editor launched the Revolution of the Word, became the organ of an even smaller group, the determined enemies of meaning. In general it is a vice of writers turned editors to print the work that flatters them by agreement or imitation. Kreymborg, Rosenfeld and Mumford are singularly free from this vice: indeed, they are so catholic in their judgment that the third "Caravan," taken as a whole, seems almost a manifesto against the type of literature which their own writing ably represents.

Comparisons with the two earlier volumes are of no little interest. Nearly one-third of the contributors to "The Second American Caravan" were over thirty-five. Exactly one-third were women, as compared with one-sixth in the present volume. Seventy-two writers were included in the first of these yearbooks and sixty in the second. "The New American Caravan," with less than half as many contributors, is approximately half the length of its two predecessors.

This reduced length has several advantages. It has led to the omission of stories which depend on background, on pure localization, for their interest. It has encouraged the omission of the "famous names"—the long and often inferior contributions by established authors—which disfigured the first two volumes. It has made the book as a whole more unified in tone, more even in quality, and unquestionably more exciting. For, although the number of unknown and promising writers in the present volume is perhaps no greater than in its predecessors, the percentage of these editorial discoveries is higher; and one reads the book tensely, with a feeling of curiosity and gratified surprise.

Before continuing these general impressions of the book, I should like to compile my own brief list of Notes on Contributors:

PHELPS PUTNAM—A writer born after his time: in reality he is a romantic of the great age, a contemporary of Byron and Shelley. Today he is one of the very few poets who can face life with the insolence of Manfred or celebrate "the living anarchy of love." "The Daughters of the Sun" is his longest, his most ambitious work, and its emotional anarchism does not keep it from being monumentally constructed, nor from ending with a prayer to be released from love for the pursuit of wisdom. . . . Among the other poets, Stanley J. Kunitz, who writes in the Eliot tradition, is a newcomer of some importance.

ROBERT CANTWELL—This young man of twenty-one, whose work has never before been published, is the author of what I consider the best story in the volume: it is the aftermath of a love affair treated in the analytical manner which one associates with Henry James and yet with a certain lyricism, so that very small events are finally invested with infinite meaning.

JOSEPH VOGEL describes the life of his own people, unlike most Jewish writers, and treats it with sympathy, detachment and humor. To judge from "The Wedding," he will become a very successful novelist.

PAUL GREEN has written much better plays than "Tread the Green Grass," which, incidentally, will soon be produced by the Provincetown Players. It is partly a poem, partly a drama and partly a novel; it is written for presentation partly on the stage, partly on the motion-picture screen and partly in the imagination (for certain passages are obviously incapable of any other presentation); it is partly a satire, partly a fantasy, and it leaves a final impression of chaos.

E. E. CUMMINGS—His contribution to the present volume is a piece of elegant nonsense, all disconnected wit and verbal acrobatics, an admirable thing to read aloud after the second bottle, but perhaps a shade too long to be effective.

YVOR WINTERS—Perhaps the most illuminating critic of contemporary American poetry and certainly the most dogmatic. While reading his "Extension and Reintegration of the Human Spirit Through the Poetry Mainly French and American since Poe and Baudelaire"—a title placed at the head of his essay like a scarecrow, to frighten away all but courageous readers—one has the impression of being face to face with a gnarled intelligence that has developed alone, like a tree on a wind-swept hill.

JEAN TOOMER also contributes a short novel, the story of a man who has learned to live consciously, to swim precisely, to dance gracefully, to write rapidly, to think at regular hours about himself; who has, in short, developed his body and mind together into a magnificent tool—to accomplish what? The Gurdjieff discipline, on which he seems to have patterned his life, supplies an effective method, but it does not supply an end. Or, if we agree that its end is the better life, Mr. Toomer's hero may be compared to a monk who has studied the lives of the saints, who has mortified himself by fasting and prayer, who has overcome his carnal desires, who has learned every lesson, in fact, except the final lesson of humility. Not being humble, he is a lost soul in the sight of God, and in the sight of men a prig. . . . One suspects that Mr. Toomer does not realize the unbearable priggishness of his hero.

ERSKINE CALDWELL, JOSEPH MITCHELL and S. GUY ENDORE can be considered together. Their work is dissimilar in many respects, yet all of them write stories which are really poems and all of them have a sort of hard-boiled romanticism which is characteristic of their own generation.

The volume as a whole—and I must return to this subject even at the cost of not discussing the contributions of Isidor Schneider, Matthew Josephson and William Rollins, Jr.—the volume as a whole has a unity which is difficult to overlook and even more difficult to define. It involves no sacrifice of individuality by the separate authors; they differ widely among themselves, but they belong unmistakably to one country, to one period of history, and most of them to one period of life—a period which is ceasing to be mine.

In the realm of ideas, they are of the generation which recognizes that esthetic and moral principles are closely allied and that both of them must be transplanted into ac-

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tion. They have recovered from the atrophy of the will which afflicted many of their elders; their attitude toward life is not passive, and perhaps for this reason they give the reader a general effect of masculinity. In literary technique they hade made few discoveries of their own. They have utilized the discoveries of their immediate predecessors to a not immoderate degree: there are overtones of Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Hemingway and Cummings throughout the volume; but essentially these stories and poems are written in the older modes.

In their attitude toward love, the younger writers in "Caravan" show a greater contrast with the previous generation. I might enter at this point into a profound discussion of the new relations between the sexes, but it would be easier to quote a paragraph by Erskine Caldwell, one of a series which he calls "Tracing Life with a Finger":

> For a week on the top floor of a seven-story warehouse a brown-limbed girl fed me every day and warmed me at night. She even helped me lick my wounds. When I threw my cigarette butts out of the window they fell in the ocean and I could see all the way across it. Then I went away for two years and came back to get her but she was not there and I can't find her now.

Implicit in this paragraph is the new attitude I mentioned. One observes that the hero did not yearn for an ideal woman, that he did not attain her after heroic efforts nor live with her indefinitely in a suburban home. A girl selected him as her lover; casually he accepted her attentions and casually he left her to continue his wanderings. Here the old roles are reversed: it is the woman who provides food; it is the man who is desired and who consents.

Implicit in the same paragraph is a purpose which unites most of the contributors to "The New American Caravan." Hard-boiled and romantic, they are setting out in search of a new mythology. One cannot fail to be impressed by the absence, in their often poetic prose, of satyrs, nymphs, Bacchus, goblins, Thor, pyxies, centaurs and all the lay figures we have borrowed from older literatures. The figures in the new mythology are derived from the life about us: they are hobos, hitch-hikers, Negro field-hands, villainous ministers of the gospel, and girls encountered on the seventh story of a warehouse in a strange city. The scenes of the new mythology are not Valhalla and Olympus, but summer resorts, jungles along the tracks, lumber camps and speakeasies. The drink of the new gods is gin . . . but as they sink deeper into their divine stupor, they mumble songs of love and adventure which have a strangely familiar ring.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

A Victorian Village, by Lizette Woodworth Reese. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 285 pages. $3.

MISS REESE'S publishers have celebrated her recollection of Lincoln's funeral. This historical event, however, is a minor incident in the poet's autobiographical sketches. Miss Reese remembers something more dramatic and strange than the death of any man: the extinction of a culture, which, within her lifetime, has completely vanished, whose tools have become archaic and whose traditions approach legend. The very distances between the villages she knew as a child have changed, because they are no longer measured by the speed of a man's feet or a horse's hooves. Necessities will never be produced again, as she knew them to be, slowly and by hand. Small luxuries have lost their early charm. She knew, as a child, European custom and thought recently transplanted to a fresh soil, and there made to flourish. That dispersed culture can be imagined only in part, by a later generation who have seen, at best, its degraded relics: cupolas with broken louvers behind elms, dentillated moulding under old eaves, carriage sheds behind churches, where, on Sunday afternoons, horses once champed and shuffled to the tune of hymns. Miss Reese possesses that lost time itself, fresh in her mind. She remembers simply and vividly, as though memory based on long-past, necessitous, country things must in itself be tender and exact.

Miss Reese spent her childhood in Waverly, then a separate village on the York Road, two miles from Baltimore. Her father was Welsh; her mother was born in Saxony. Her early home was an old house set in an orchard, with Paradise trees and white lilacs by the door. St. John's Church was, in that age of faith, almost as close to the child as her home itself: "On Saturday afternoon my twin sister and myself . . . used to meet in St. John's Church to hem handkerchiefs and listen to my godmother read out of a book." Children pulled buttercups and blackberries in season, rode to town in the old omnibus for mail or special shopping—embroidery, silks, tea, tobacco—visited gypsy camps on the edge of town, played games of Demon by the cellar door, and caught glimpses of male and female vagabonds, who had claims of charity on every villager's purse. Soon after the Civil War, in which Miss Reese's father had served as a Confederate soldier, the family moved to Baltimore. There the young girl saw the black plumes on Lincoln's hearse and read in great letters in the newspapers, under the sign of a gallows, the names of Surrat, Payne, Atzerodt, John Wilkes Booth.

In 1873, when she was seventeen, Miss Reese began her career as a teacher at St. John's parish school in Waverly. She taught in Baltimore public schools until 1921. Her first book of poems, "A Branch of May," was published in 1887. Two other books followed, and in 1909, Thomas Bird Mosher of Portland, Maine, who had taken over her volumes for publication in his series of limited editions, published "A Wayside Lute," which contained the beautiful and now famous sonnet "Tears." "Spicewood" and "Wild Cherry" were published in 1920 and 1923, and in 1927, her first long poem, "Little Henrietta." Miss Reese's early poems had made an immediate impression upon the literary groups of that time. She became the friend of Edmund Clarence Stedman and of Howells, and met the literary arbiters as well as the poets of the day, in visits to Boston and New York.

"A Victorian Village" places and expands the scenes made familiar in her poems. No New England scene produced the delicate firmness, the fragility and fragrance of her poetry. The Baltimore countryside was a kinder land, more full of flowers. Her quality escaped the touch of the feeble middle-class culture of the East in the '80's and '90's because it went back to a provincial America and a kind climate, where, one evening, coming home from town, the child saw "dahlias in the Stran garden the color of apples ready to fall." A sturdiness and salt in Miss Reese's temperament, drawn from such a childhood, has enabled her poetry to have a life co-existent with her own: "Little Henrietta," published two years ago, is one of her loveliest poems, and one can hope that a new book of lyrics will soon be forthcoming. Memory, in such a nature, has fiber, and makes more than nostalgic a long pre-

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occupation with the roads and flowers of youth. The poems for so long composed in her mind in the midst of a busy class-room today have a spare strength of line and a homely imagery that those not her contemporaries can never claim with the same warrant. There are twelve new poems in "A Victorian Village." "St. John's Bell" is one:

All the village in the dusk
Crashed with music. Everywhere
Strange bough set in the strange grass
Rocked in the pale air.

A window flames. And one was black.
Not a wind was out.
Carefully the villagers went
Hearing God about.

and "Inscription for a Library" is another:

I who am thin with hunger,
I who need bite and sup,
Come to you with my platter,
Run to you with my cup.

LOUISE BOGAN.

Rural-Urban Sociology

Principles of Rural-Urban Sociology, by Pitirim Sorokin and Carle C. Zimmerman. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 652 pages. $4.50.

RECENTLY, in reviewing a text-book on urban sociology, a western sociologist protested because the authors used the country "as a screen on which to display" city phenomena. Whether or not the comparing and contrasting method is valid, it is used with a vengeance by Sorokin and Zimmerman. They view the city from many angles, and with each view give us different and often new reflections of rural society and rural life. Before they get through, we are about convinced that the sociology of the country must be what they have given us: a study of rural-urban relationships and comparisons. These are nothing less than opposing sides of the shield.

Written as a text-book, this volume breaks the usual rules of text-book writing. It has avoided most of the "teacher helps." The style is not difficult, but the material is. The authors have refused to boil it down to formal baby-food. No similar attempt has been made by either rural or urban sociologists in this country to tap such varied and remote sources of data. But rural American sociology, basking in provincialism, needs just such a stimulus as this. These rural problems are not only world-wide but often ages old, and Old World scholars have been facing them and studying them for years. Such an enlarged perspective is just what rural sociology needs, if it is to rise to the dignity of a natural science.

This book is an abridgment of a three-volume "Source Book in Rural Sociology," prepared by the authors jointly with Dr. Charles J. Galpin under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture and the University of Minnesota. The contents include comparative studies of standards of living, social groupings, vital phenomena, intelligence, family life, thinking habits, beliefs, art, politics, crime, intemperance, coöperation and numerous other topics treated from the rural-urban angle. Farmers are less mobile, less criminal and less stimulated than city folk. They are more homogeneous, more coöperative, more religious, more stable generally, they marry earlier and live longer than city dwellers. In body traits and intelligence there are but small differences.

Taken as a whole, this is about the best work that has appeared in the field. It is largely statistical, but the authors have adopted a method of bringing out their conclusions here and there in italicized sentences and paragraphs. I found myself wishing they had said something about the influence of roads on urban-rural relations; and little or nothing is said of the influence of such dynamics as the radio, chain stores, mail-order houses, etc. Their chapters on migration are important, but it seems that there is need of some additional term to distinguish between the two kinds of mobility. Vertical mobility is the movement through social space from one social level to another. Horizontal mobility is movement through physical space from one spot to another. Discussing the two concepts with one word leads sometimes to confusion.

I feel that the authors did not strengthen their case by failing to recognize the so-called "Chicago group" of sociologists. None of them is mentioned, but some have made valuable contributions in this field.

NELS ANDERSON.

Ice Ages

Ice Ages, Recent and Ancient, by A. P. Coleman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 296 pages. $3.50.

MOST laymen think of "the great Ice Age" as a glacial period which "came to a close" some twelve to fifteen thousand years ago. There are three false implications in this conception. First, there have been many ages of ice, going back to the earliest geological epochs, hundreds of millions of years ago; second, the so-called "last" glacial period was not one period, but at least four extensive ice invasions with four inter-glacial periods of long duration, a warm climate prevailing within the former range of the widespread ice sheets; third, the glacial period is not a past event—we are living in a glacial period now, or perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that we are living now in an inter-glacial period, with the glaciers, on the whole, still retreating.

Dr. Coleman, who is emeritus professor of geology at the University of Toronto, makes this clear in the course of a sound and much-needed book. At its climax, he points out, the Pleistocene glaciation covered about two million square miles of Europe and four million square miles of North America; and, in addition, the ice sheets covered many mountain areas in various parts of the world, as well as most of Patagonia in South America. (Strangely enough, Siberia escaped this flow of ice.) Today there are still six million square miles of continental ice sheets (in Greenland and Antarctica), as compared with twelve million—one-fifth of the total land surface of the globe—during the Pleistocene.

Only during a very small percentage of the billion years or more of geological history has the north or south polar region been ice-bound. On the contrary, for by far the greater part of this vast period, conditions at least temperate have prevailed around both poles—conditions warm enough to produce forests which are now found in the Arctic Circle as coal, to say nothing of the presence of coral reefs in western Spitzbergen and elsewhere, the builders of which are now inhabitants of tropical waters only. (Some species of coral animals live as far north as the southwest coast of England, but they are not reef builders.)

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"What Prohibition Needs Is Disarmament"

JANE ADDAMS
reviews a decade of
PROHIBITION

Survey Graphic for October was scarcely off the press when the western office of the A.P. wired for permission to send out the nib of it; the Franklin Square librarians chose it as one of the 10 outstanding articles of the month; the Literary Digest gave up two pages to condensing it.

Miss Addams writes from a neighborhood which saw the rise of bootlegger and hijacker; from a city which "holds the key to the rich trade of the West and the Northwest in whiskey, wine, gin and beer exactly as it does in wheat, hogs, furniture and more stable commodities." "It is big money that makes Chicago gang wars so murderous."

She compares the days of the corner saloons and the dry years of '19 and '21 with the "general unenforcement of prohibition regulations" and the issues we all confront in our American cities. She visualizes as no one else has done the economic structure and the human back-wash of an outlaw industry.

IMMIGRANTS UNDER THE QUOTA

by *JANE ADDAMS* in November Survey Graphic again brings Miss Addams' name and that of Survey Graphic into the list of ten outstanding articles chosen by Franklin Square judges. This is an interpretation, by our deftest master in social relationship, of the efforts of newcomers to America, to answer the old question—"Is the Universe Friendly?" Miss Addams is drawing on her

SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE.

The first instalments are appearing in *Survey Graphic*. A great editor once spoke of her writings as "fresh minted"—struck off from experience, searching in their philosophy, stumped with gentle courage and the candor of deep understanding. These new writings are fresh minted from larger dies, for her neighborhood has become the nation and the world.

SURVEY GRAPHIC
interprets
EDISON and HIS LAMP

The bright side of swift social changes wrought by his invention, portrayed in the October Survey Graphic by *Waldemar Kaempffert* is singled out by the Review of Reviews for reproduction this 50th anniversary month. In a comparison article Martha Bensley Bruère carries a woman's candle into the dark corners left in our family budgets by the high cost of lighting.

Racial Stakes in Palestine

The New Pilgrims in Israel as he met them in the Zionist colonies are portrayed by *John Haynes Holmes* and *An Arab Voice* is made articulate by *Elizabeth MacCallum*, who tells of Ameen Rihani, reared in Washington Street, lower New York, who has traveled up and down the Arab world in pursuit of a goal contrary to that of Laurence, the English adventurer.

The Roots of Ramsay MacDonald

—the rise of the British Labour Party and his insurgent leadership in wartime and at the elections, enter into a pageant of *Pittsburgh, Essen and Manchester* by *Paul U. Kellogg*. Three great modern industrial nations measured against each other with Energy, Liberty and Security as yardsticks.

New York's Regional Plan in a Nutshell

Robert W. de Forest, Thomas Adams and Robert W. Duffus give the pith and purpose of the great blue print of the future as it spreads before the millions at the mouth of the Hudson.

Referees of Human Behavior

With edge and whimsy, the psychologists tell what is revealed by our modern court procedure. We meet *"That Blamed Old Fool"* through *Mary Edna McChristie* of the Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations, and learn *When Ladies Scrap* by *Eleanor Rowland Wembridge* of the Juvenile Court of Cleveland.

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On the other hand, Professor Coleman produces unmistakable evidence that near the end of the Palæozoic (the primary division of the geological rock record), "great ice sheets existed on low ground within the tropics on two continents and not far from the tropics on two others." This was the Permo-carboniferous ice age, "much the most severe of the known times of glaciation." All the continents except Europe and North America had large areas covered with ice sheets.

> Unless the continents have shifted their positions [Wegener's theory] since that time, the Permo-carboniferous glaciation occurred chiefly in what is now the southern temperate zone, and did not touch the Arctic regions at all.

In Australia, ice ages recurred several times, with long inter-glacial periods between.

All this took place some 150 million years ago, if we accept the minimum age of the successive formations as determined by the uranium-lead-helium content, as most geologists now do. Ice ages do not occur with rhythmic regularity, but intermittently. Dr. Coleman considers this assumption in the light of the most recent data available, and sets forth more than a dozen of the more plausible modern theories in Part III of his book.

Here is certainly a fascinating story, none the less romantic because based upon sound scientific data. The volume contains more than fifty illustrations that really illustrate, as well as eight excellent maps. It is fully indexed, and adequate reference lists follow each chapter. A reading of the book will serve to disperse the strange idea held by many non-scientists that an "ice age" means the death of all living things. Incidentally, it will demonstrate also the process of evolution in the account of the formation of new species by isolation in districts cut off from others by surrounding glaciation—the so-called "nunataks." Dr. Coleman has done a piece of work that will be highly valuable to laymen as well as to geologists and climatologists.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

Rippling Prose

The Love of the Foolish Angel, by Helen Beauclerk. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

There Is Another Heaven, by Robert Nathan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

Up at the Villa, by Marie Cher. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.

FINE discriminating prose is the characteristic of these novels. Miss Beauclerk's work deals with an erstwhile angel come to earth for the first time in Syria during the reign of Diocletian. In a moment of forgetfulness Tamael allies himself with Lucifer. His mistake is foolish, unintentional. To expiate it, he is obliged to leave Hell, where he is not in the least at home, and to tempt human beings to sin. He falls in love with the woman whom he has been ordered to tempt. That such a whimsical narrative should be treated with clearness, in prose as warm as the poetry of Keats, with copious but judiciously selected details, is unusual. If in certain scenes of debauchery the author's style follows her subject and runs to some excesses, becoming too nearly lithographic in its brilliance, it can be forgiven in view of the quiet, intelligent humor which enlivens many of the other pages. Without every bit of its lucidity it is doubtful whether "The Love of the

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Foolish Angel" would have been chosen by a book club on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Nathan's heaven is the place where our neighbors get what they wanted on earth. You will find the same quality of continual surprise that is to be found in the writing of Lewis Carroll, the quality of the mirror, of the world just as it is but completely reversed. Do not cudgel your brains for the moral underlying this little book. Read it for its delightful pictures of our neighbors, for its truth, its light touch and its good humor. Here everyone's misunderstandings are completely understood; the Jew who changes his name and his religion; the American woman leader, masterful as a stallion, championing a cause and doting on her son to the exclusion of her husband; the professor of Semitic history whose best friend is a girl who will never be five. In the end, the lesson will be clear. Be yourself.

In her second novel Miss Cher exploits the mysterious charm which Rome holds for its resident foreigners. The love affairs of two young men are set forth in the form of a diary kept during one year by a woman well advanced in years, well versed in letters, but slightly malicious. One is a Neapolitan painter, superficially ambitious, eloquent and as cruelly facile in all things as he is brilliant. Against this common Latin type Miss Cher has contrasted an inexpressive English boy of twenty. This sick, formal, sensitive, inexperienced youth has been brought up by his step-father, a philosopher of the lesser variety, all theory and no practice. The contrast between the two boys is obviously unfair. The Englishman dies of a hemorrhage after committing a murder the motive for which exists only in his mind. But Miss Cher knows her Browning. She has been lavish with quotations, if not always with quotation marks. For those who want a well written, rippling study of this side of the Roman scene it is more than an average book.

C. A. CHAPMAN.

Notes on Novels

Singermann, by Myron Brinig. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

IN "SINGERMANN," the story of an immigrant family of Rumanian Jews who settle finally in Montana, Myron Brinig has presented a quite typical people, fulfilling, beatenly or angrily or indifferently, the destinies that they do fulfill, and by the thousands. The history of the Singermanns, Moses and Rebecca and their seven children, is a careful and exhaustive piece of work, and the author has manipulated his more than nine separate stories so that they blend skillfully into the one story he has to tell—that of the family as a unit. The motives that govern the Singermanns, each with his own temperament, are all human and plainly rendered. Moses Singermann loved Rumania, but saw no reason why he should be killed in somebody else's Balkan war, and he therefore came to America. Struggling, first as a vegetable vendor on the streets of Minneapolis, and then as the proprietor of a clothing store in Silver Bow, Montana, his nature becomes violent and hardy, and for the most part ill-natured. Rebecca, first a pallid young girl moved by incoherent dreams, at last becomes bitter and nagging under the oppression of her husband. Joseph, the oldest son, develops shrewd business acumen and is the only one of the family to break away entirely from the father's dominance. The rest of the brothers, and the sister, make occasional escapes, but until the day of his death they are dependent in one

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by

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"THE most stupendous governmental feat ever undertaken," says Mr. Villard of the almost unbelievably difficult program of social, moral, political, industrial, economic emancipation whereby the Communist leaders have undertaken to remake Russia —"on the basis of service to society and to the nation, with the profit-making motive suddenly removed from the individual."

As a traveling companion of the group of business men who last summer toured the U. S. S. R. under the auspices of the American Russian Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Villard writes from direct observation. He does not attempt to form a judgment or predict the future of the Soviet. He merely records his impressions. They form a document as luminous as it is gripping.

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way or another upon the harsh strength of the father. All of the characters in the story are living and credible, but it cannot be said that any of them is boldly, uniquely realized. The drama itself, though it commands a strong and sustained interest, is never intense. K. F.

Plus and Minus, by Franz Harper. Translated by Derick Wullf. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.50.

AS the author truthfully explains him, in one of those moments of ill-fortune that periodically befall the hero of "Plus and Minus," "There was something theatrical about him: he felt at this moment that he was experiencing the combined sufferings of Hamlet, Bergerac and Gil Blas." There is everything theatrical about Fedor the Vagabond, and he bears a burlesque resemblance to all three of the characters named. All the adventures, in love, in poverty, in extreme fortune, that Fedor the Vagabond undertakes, are marked by grotesqueness. About half of these exaggerated episodes justify themselves as sardonic humor, by the grains of truth one recognizes in them. But the other half, unmistakably stamping the book as being an exhibition of Teutonic revelry, are episodes that depend on little but exuberance, and extravagance of invention; in each of these, a point is sadly lacking. K. F.

Against the Wall, by Kathleen Millay. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

THIS is a bad novel—tasteless, flamboyant and dull. There are, however, two reasons why it cannot be consigned without comment to a well-merited limbo: it is being ballyhooed as a true and scathing indictment of the women's colleges, and it was written by a poet of some distinction who ought to have known better. Plenty of things are wrong with the women's colleges, but Miss Millay has drawn so exaggerated, so unfair and so absurd a picture of their sins that the modicum of truth in her book is buried in a welter of rubbish. Professors with the intelligence of morons and the integrity of thieves are not so common as she would have one suppose, nor are students so vapid, so snobbish and so ready to die, if necessary, in the cause of midyear exams. One could forgive Miss Millay her impossibly sententious and self-righteous heroine if only she had caught the movement, the shifting light and shade, the real drama inherent in campus life. "Against the Wall" is bad propaganda as well as bad art. E. H. W.

Contributors

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